

May, 1938

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# The Liguorian

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How the Pope Spends the Day

C. D. McEniry

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Don't Worry, (III)

D. F. Miller

•

Bibles Before Luther

A. T. Zeller

•

Formula For A Miracle

P. J. Hoffmann

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PUBLICATION OFFICE

Box A, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

Per Year \$1.00

Canada and Foreign \$1.25

Single Copies 10c

## AMONGST OURSELVES

As we send forth this issue of THE LIGUORIAN, we are oppressed with the sense of perplexity and blind-alley despair that is abroad. Wherever we turn, we see evidences of it. Look at the international situation—who knows anything certain about present conditions and future prospects in Germany, the former Austria, Spain, Russia, Mexico, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, France, and any number of other nations? Look at any department of our own national life: politics is one great melee of strife and hatred and squabbling and bitterness; the social and economic problem is daily growing more acute, with everybody asking everybody else what's wrong, what should be done, what new suggestions can be offered; the domestic sphere is riddled with problems arising from unemployment, relief, birth-prevention and divorce. No wonder we are setting an all time high for mental, moral, and nervous breakdowns.

Happy the man who has possession of some certainties to which he can cling—come war or revolution or chaos or catastrophe. There are such certainties, and they have preserved the sanity of millions during periods when the world was at least as badly off as it is today. This magazine stands for those certainties, and shall continue to broadcast them when it has to be written amid ruins.

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### The Liguorian

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One Dollar per Year

(Canada and Foreign, \$1.25)

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Entered as second-class under August 29th, 1911, at the Post Office at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

Published with ecclesiastical approval.

# THE LIGUORIAN



*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St.  
Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XXVI.

MAY, 1938

No. 5

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**TWILIGHT**

The bluish haze of eve is o'er the land,  
Lulled by a drowsy insect chant to sleep,  
The bird that ocean's areas has spanned  
Home to the crag swift wingeth from the deep.

The slow-stepped cattle plod the homeward lane,  
Blending with colors that the dusk has grayed;  
The silent sundown leaves a farewell stain  
High in the tree-tops where the winds have played.

The workman from his toil has come apart,  
Finding a world of peacefulness and rest;  
O'er all the weary earth love sheds her art  
When twilight draws its head upon her breast.

—L. F. Hyland.



# **FATHER TIM CASEY**

## **HOW THE POPE SPENDS THE DAY**

**C. D. McEnniry**

**T**HEY were standing in the square before St. Peter's — where Roman chariots had raced in the circus of Nero, where the air had resounded with the shouts of a polyglot multitude cheering their favorite horses, taunting the Christians, whose flaming bodies lighted the course, or mocking the Jewish Fisherman dying head-downward on a gallows of shame. All the proud structures of Nero — his luxurious palaces, his imperial circus, his golden house — have long centuries ago been levelled to the ground, but the Fisherman's body lies, near the place of his martyrdom, beneath a cross of solid gold, and above it towers the noblest sanctuary ever raised to the honor of the Most High God.

They were standing in the square before St. Peter's. This vast space, which a few days before they had seen packed with countless thousands from every nation on earth, bowing down to receive the Papal Blessing "Urbi et Orbi — to the World and to the City" now lay empty and silent beneath the hot July sun. In the cool depths of Bernini's curving porticoes mothers were feeding their babies, grizzled old Romans of the Trastevere dozing away the torrid hours, children chasing one another around the massive travertine pillars. Lawrence Dwyer's eyes wandered from the collonade and the square and the fountains to the solid mass of the Vatican Palace on the right.

"Father Tim," he asked dreamily, for the Italian air was gradually tempering his American impetuosity, "in which story does the Pope live?"

"That depends," Father Casey replied, "on where you are and where you come from — and what you mean by 'living.'"

"With all due reverence to your Reverence," the young man returned, "it seems to me that where Larry Dwyer is or where he comes from is not going to make the slightest difference in the habitation of the Head of the Church. And by 'living' I mean — why — eating, sleeping, working, talking, passing the time." Then suddenly remembering he was omitting an important item, especially in the life of a Pope, he hastened to add: "And of course saying one's prayers."

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"Where you are does make a difference. If you are outside, standing, for instance, on the Square of St. Peter, the Vatican Palace appears to be six or eight stories high. If you are inside the gates, standing in the Square of St. Damasus, they seem not more than four. Again, if you come from America, you will say a house with four floors is four stories high; if you live in Italy, you will say that same house has a 'pianterreno' and three stories."

"WELL, suppose I am an Italian, standing in the Square of St. Damasus. Then the Vatican has three stories, hasn't it? In which of the three does the Pope live?"

"He eats and sleeps in the third. He talks in the second. He works in both. And as for praying, he says Mass and rosary and makes meditation in his private chapel on the third; but whether he is on the third floor or the second or anywhere else, he is praying most of the time, if not with the lips, at least with the heart. He realizes so well that the crushing problems, with which he is constantly confronted, can be solved only by God's help obtained through prayer."

"Who lives on the first story?"

"Cardinal Pacelli, the Pope's Secretary of State."

"Ah, now I understand. That is where we were the day you brought that document to the Cardinal and where we saw the foreign diplomatic representatives. And when we had our audience with the Holy Father and passed through the gorgeous marble halls hung with tapestry and red damask — that must have been the second story. But we have not yet seen the third story."

"Neither are we likely to do so. Practically nobody ever goes up there but the Pope himself, his two private chaplains and the help who have charge of the cooking, cleaning and wardrobe. No tapestry or damask there — the Pope's bedroom is as simple and severe as that of any ordinary Italian parish priest."

"Poor Holy Father!" Dwyer gazed at the silent palace. "It must be a lonely life."

"It is a lonely life."

"Only a few times a year that he can come down even for a function in his own church. I imagine time must often hang heavy on his hands."

"If you knew his order of the day, you would change your mind about that."

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"THE POPE'S order of the day. That is something I have always been curious to know. Please tell me, Father Tim."

"He rises at six-thirty —"

"And rings for his valet?"

"The Pope's valet is not a valet at all but an industrious German Brother, with a broom and a duster, who keeps clear of the place until the Pope has gone. He rises at six-thirty, shaves himself, makes his meditation, says Mass in his private chapel, served by one of his chaplains, breakfasts, like a good Italian, on coffee and dry bread, and promptly at eight-thirty goes down to his private study on the second floor."

"Just like clockwork, eh? He is very methodical, is he not?"

"Up to eight-thirty, he is. After that he attends to each case according to its merits, without regard to time, whether the case requires five minutes or two hours. As soon as he is settled at his desk, up comes the Cardinal Secretary of State, carrying a brief-case packed with documents, clippings, memoranda and despatches, and between them they begin a new day in the government of that society of nearly four-hundred million souls, called the Holy Catholic Church. Try to imagine the sad news, the alarming reports, the deep and difficult problems, the hopeless tangles Cardinal Pacelli lays before his Chief in these daily conferences, which often last till ten or ten-thirty."

"Surely his head needs a rest after that."

"Well, his head doesn't get it. There are already Cardinals waiting to see him. The general government of the Church is exercised through eleven supreme committees, called Sacred Congregations, three tribunals, and four bureaus. The head of each of these bodies — generally a Cardinal — must lay before the Pope personally everything that does not fall within the regular approved routine. Each one has his fixed day, and the Pope admits him as soon as he has finished with the Cardinal Secretary of State. After that he begins to receive bishops. There are in the Church, according to the last statistics I consulted, 14 Patriarchates, 214 Metropolitan Sees, 949 Archiepiscopal and Episcopal Sees, 46 Independent Prelacies or Abbacies, 337 Missionary Bishoprics, 35 Mission Districts not yet elevated to Sees. The governing prelate of each one of these must make a personal report to the Pope once every five years. One may be Cardinal Mundelein with all the problems of the great Archdiocese of Chicago, another may be from Alaska or Yokahama or

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New Zealand or the South Sea Islands. When he has finished listening to them, he admits other individuals who have, or think they have, problems weighty enough to justify an audience with this over-worked head of the Universal Church. He gives to each one his undivided attention. His motto is *age quod agis*. Get down to business, but do not rush. Take all the time necessary to say what you have to say — and then go."

"NOW I understand," said Dwyer, "why we had to wait so long for our audience. It was scheduled — at least so the ticket read — for eleven-forty-five, and it took place at one. I thought he was taking a rest."

"That is what many a grumbling tourist thinks. Only after the Pope has finished with these private conferences does he leave his study and come out to the pilgrims waiting in the various halls. Some of the people in these general audiences say he must be in failing health because he looks tired."

"If I had gone through all that, I shouldn't be tired, I should be dead." Dwyer confessed. "But you say he has those talks in his study. What sort of place is his study?"

"A big room with three windows looking out on the Square of St. Peter. They are the windows you see up there near the corner of the building. The other three walls of the room are lined, not with tapestry, but with books. There are a few chairs for visitors, a chair and a heavy, flat-top desk for the Pope himself. On the desk is a crucifix, a picture of the Miraculous Madonna of Poland (It was this Madonna the Nazi press recently blasphemed), and a child's toy."

"A toy! On the Pope's table!"

"Yes, a toy. Not a new one either, but one that has evidently seen hard service. During an audience granted to a group of orphans, one of the little ones was so captivated by the dear old man in white, who spoke to them so kindly, that she toddled up and freely offered him the greatest treasure she possessed, her favorite toy. The Pope, who receives countless presents from kings and emperors and multi-millionaires, was so deeply touched by this spontaneous act of generosity that he long kept the bauble before him while he worked. I need not add he saw to it that his young admirer had plenty of toys to replace the one she had sacrificed for him."

(To be concluded)

## DON'T WORRY (III)

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**This is the third and last in the series of articles on worry. It deals with a form of worry that more frequently than any other unfits one for the responsibilities of life.**

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D. F. Miller

**B**Y FAR the most virulent unnecessary form of worry that can attack a human being is that which involves his relationship to God and takes on some form of scrupulosity. Previous articles in this series have treated of worries due to lack of balance in a person's estimate of himself, such as vanity, diffidence, and secret concupiscence; of worries due to some improper attitude towards others, such as intolerance, over-anxious love, and jealousy. Now we come to those that consist in unhealthy and ungrounded fear of God, and because the relationship involved is so much more important than anything else in human life, the disturbances of that relationship can and often do become utterly paralyzing.

Scrupulosity is the generic name given to the cause of excessive worry about one's relationship to God. It is a condition in which the conscience is unreasonably inclined to judge that actions are sinful or have been sinful when in reality they are not so at all; or to judge that actions are gravely offensive to God when the offense, if any, is of minor degree. The scrupulous person, therefore, sees himself as a confirmed enemy of God, in danger constantly of being condemned to hell; and the result is not mere anxiety but anguish of soul.

### *Conscience*

**T**O ANALYZE the state more clearly, it will be helpful to describe the conscience and the different states in which it may be found. In itself, conscience is a practical judgment of the reason showing a person what is morally good or morally evil in the actual circumstances of life. It is not merely a theoretical judgment of what should be done under certain circumstances; it is the judgment that dictates to a person when the circumstances are actually at hand. Thus, it is conscience that tells a Catholic when he wakes up on a Sunday morning: you must go to Mass. It is conscience that whispers to a person

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when he opens a book and finds it to be obscene: you must put it aside. It is conscience that cries out when a man is aroused to violent anger: Thou shalt not kill. Hence it is always the judgment that immediately precedes action or omission of action. If the action is according to the conscience or judgment about what is morally good, it is a good action: if an action is deliberately placed immediately after the conscience has shown it to be a bad action, then of course it is bad.

Everybody is bound to obey his conscience, but that does not mean that the conscience never makes a mistake. He who follows his conscience always, never commits a sin, but he may be doing something that objectively is wrong. For this reason we talk about different kinds of consciences: a true conscience, an erroneous conscience, a perplexed conscience. A *true* conscience is a correct decision about what is right or wrong in a given set of circumstances. For example, the conscience is correct or true when it tells a person he will do wrong if he does bodily harm to his neighbor in a fit of anger; when it announces that to give in to a present temptation to a sin of impurity would be to commit a sin, etc. An *erroneous* conscience is one that decides a present issue incorrectly; e.g., if my conscience were to tell me that I am bound, on a certain Sunday morning, to get up from bed while I am seriously ill, and go to Mass, it would be erroneous; if my conscience, due to faulty education, tells me it is wrong to play cards on Sunday, it is an erroneous conscience; I am bound to obey my conscience, even though it may be erroneous, but I am also bound to use the kind of diligence I use in all serious affairs of life to inform myself and make it easy for my conscience to make correct and true decisions.

A *perplexed* conscience is one which decides that two actions, one of which must be performed, are both sinful, so that sin seems unavoidable. For example, if I am taking care of a sick person on Sunday morning, and my conscience tells me that to leave the person alone would be a sin, and not to leave the person to go to Mass would be a sin, I have a perplexed conscience. In this state, I should remove my perplexity either by consulting another before acting; or, if that be impossible, I should judge which is the lesser evil and choose that; or if that too be impossible for me to judge which is the lesser of the two evils, I should know that I can choose either action without sin, because freedom of choice has to be present before there can be sin, and in this instance there is no freedom: one of the two actions must be performed.



## Scrupulous Conscience

A SCRUPULOUS conscience may be described by comparison with the foregoing definitions. It is an *erroneous* conscience in the sense that it decides that certain actions are sinful that are not sinful at all. It is a *perplexed* conscience in the sense that it sees sin in so many actions and omissions that it places the soul in a continuous dilemma, but without giving it any principles for escaping the dilemma. It is the opposite of a *lax erroneous* conscience, which decides that there is no sin in actions that really are sinful and which results in the absence of worry where there should be worry. It is not to be confused with a *tender* conscience, which may be defined as one that is quickly aware of the danger of even light (but real) sins and fears them intensely. A scrupulous person is therefore one who without sufficient reasons decides that actions are evil — and is therefore in a constant state of unwarranted fear of sin.

There are different types of scrupulous persons. Some are fearful mainly about sins of the past; they are afraid that sins they actually committed have not been confessed, or not confessed properly, or not confessed with sorrow; or they are afraid that they committed sins they did not know about or have forgotten; or that motives made certain actions sinful. Such persons have a constant desire to confess the past over and over again; to tell its sins in new and different ways; to live over the past in imagination and so try to recapture the exact thoughts, motives, feelings, etc., that accompanied the real or imaginary sins.

Other scrupulous persons are fearful about the present. Usually it is one particular kind of sin of which they are unduly afraid. Some are afraid of sins of unkindness and hatred; every glancing unkind or suspicious thought is interpreted as a sin; every mention of another's name seems to them to be in some way calumnious or sinful; every action they are about to perform is poised in mid air while they torture themselves with thoughts of whether it will be hurtful to someone else. Or they may be fearful of the sin of impurity. On the streets, at home, at work, while reading or studying or recreating themselves, they are in constant terror that things seen or thought of momentarily might be sins. Such persons too can never feel content that they have narrated the full story of their sins to a confessor; circumstances, motives, conditions must all be gone into at great length and even then doubts and worries remain.

The one thing that all scrupulous persons have in common is an *unreasonable* fear of sin, and an inability to judge correctly and reasonably about sin. Therefore scrupulosity is in reality an abnormal state, just as any state in which the reason is interfered with is abnormal. The extent of the abnormality may be very limited; on all other subjects except sin, such persons may be able to think logically and correctly and clearly; they may even be able to direct others correctly in matters pertaining to sin; only in regard to their own sins, real or possible or imaginary, they are in constant perplexity and fear.

The causes of this state of mind are various. Sometimes scrupulosity is the result of a melancholic temperament that has not been checked in its tendencies toward excessive self-examination and morbid analysis of its faults and weaknesses. Sometimes it arises from ignorance accompanied by obstinacy; sometimes from one-sided education and instruction, in which too much emphasis has been placed on the terrifying elements in religion; sometimes scrupulosity is a temptation of the devil or a trial permitted by God as a means of acquiring the virtues of patience and humility and obedience. Some saints say that every soul that seeks perfection will be permitted the trial of scrupulosity at some time or another as an effective means of purification.

### Cure of Scrupulosity

WHATEVER the cause of scrupulosity, it is well to keep clearly in mind that it essentially consists in an unreasonable attitude towards sin. This means that the *conscience*, which ordinarily judges reasonably about the goodness or badness of actions to be performed, is "thrown out of gear" — detached from the sane reasoning processes that should govern it always. It would require many pages to describe the agonizing results of this condition.

For the cure of scruples, two things are absolutely necessary for the afflicted soul. The first is to recognize the fact that scrupulosity is there, the second is to submit unreservedly to the guidance and authority of someone else.

I. It is not easy for a scrupulous person to recognize his own scrupulosity. As a matter of fact, the diseased conscience will try to delude him into thinking that an admission of scrupulosity would itself be a sin, or would be a deliberate seeking of an excuse for sin. For

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this reason, we place certain questions here that will enable him to decide whether he is scrupulous or not. If a majority of these questions must be answered in the affirmative, then there is no doubt that the trial of scrupulosity has been permitted by God.

1. Do you find yourself worrying almost constantly about the danger of committing a certain sin, and trying to take minute and exhaustive measures against it? For example, do you find yourself shutting your eyes tightly, almost painfully, to ward off distractions at prayer? Do you shake your head or distort your features to drive away evil thoughts? Do you avoid people just because you are afraid you might have to hear an unkind remark in their company?

2. Do you worry a great deal about past encounters with temptation?

3. Do you repeat good actions because you are afraid they were not good enough the first time? e.g., do you repeat prayers over and over because of distractions that seemed to spoil them?

4. Do you find it difficult to distinguish between venial and mortal sins? Do you think some of your venial sins must have been mortal because you committed them so deliberately and consciously?

5. Do you find yourself doubting the decision of a confessor about some question you asked or some doubtful sin you confessed — wanting to ask others about the same thing?

6. Do you fear, after confession, that you did not explain your sin clearly enough?

7. Do you feel that possibly the confessor did not understand what you were trying to tell him?

8. Do you find that there is little peace in your soul after confession, even though you confessed to the best of your ability?

9. Do you experience temptations to despair — and convictions that you are the most abandoned sinner in the world?

10. Do you experience a constant desire to make another general confession, more complete than any previous one you ever made?

If several of these questions must in all honesty be affirmatively answered, then you know that you are scrupulous, and knowing that, you have the first requirement for a cure.

II. Once the state of scrupulosity is recognized, the second step towards a cure must be taken — that of blind, unreserved obedience to a director. Scruples are unreasonable fears of sin; therefore the one

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afflicted with them must not trust to his own reason to overcome the fears. So long as one's conscience is working reasonably, one is bound to obey it even though it be erroneous at times; but when one's conscience is working unreasonably—then the reason and authority of another must be accepted as a guide. That is why the scrupulous person must give up trying to reason things out for himself, and do what he is told.

He will find, however, that this is a difficult thing to do. Strangely enough, the greatest impediment to the cure of scruples is the obstinacy of the sufferer. That obstinacy springs fundamentally from pride, which very naturally asserts itself in an effort to prevent the admission that the reason is not functioning correctly in this matter of sin. No one likes to admit that he is acting or thinking unreasonably, even to escape intense suffering; that is why there is such a conflict in the soul of the scrupulous person: on the one hand, he may admit that there is something wrong, that he is not acting like other people, that God never intended that souls should be so tortured; and on the other he does not like to give up the independence of his reason—consciously or unconsciously he clings to the thought that he himself may be able to figure it all out. This pride must be overcome before obedience and submission are possible and before there will be a cure.

Even after the scrupulous person has humbled himself and decided to submit blindly to the guidance of a director or confessor, he will have difficulties—and for these difficulties must be prepared by learning by heart certain principles. The chief ones are these two:

1. *There will never be sin in any action that is performed or in any omission that is commanded by the confessor, even though the latter were to make a mistake in commanding certain things.* This means, for example, if the confessor commands the scrupulous person never again to mention a certain sin in confession, he is to be obeyed, no matter how many reasons appear for disobeying. It means that if the confessor commands him to receive Holy Communion despite any thoughts or temptations that arise—he is to be obeyed. It means that if the confessor commands him to do certain things that seem to him to be occasions of sin—he is to obey, remembering that it cannot possibly be a sin if it has been commanded.

2. *The only subject on which the scrupulous person should examine himself carefully is that of disobedience to the confessor.* That sin is

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to be the first matter he thinks of when preparing for confession; the first sin he tells to the priest; the one sin for which he should be most sorry and about which he should make a new and more determined resolve.

Apart from confession itself and the obedience it involves, the scrupulous person should use other means of escaping from his interior worry. Some form of work that will occupy the faculties of body and mind — some form of recreation that will bring forgetfulness of other things and fatigue — some hobby that will absorb the attention of the mind — these things are great helps in the restoration of balance to the scrupulous soul.

### *Conclusion:*

Although scrupulosity is the cause of a violent form of worry and the cause of worse abnormalities, the one who finds himself thus afflicted should not let discouragement possess him. Innumerable persons have at some time or another in life been scrupulous and have completely recovered; others who are scrupulous now, can be cured completely if they use the means available. Two words represent the whole process of cure — or put meaning into the advice: don't worry. They are: Recognize, and obey. Recognize your condition as temporarily off balance on the subject of sin — then obey the director you have chosen. It may take time — but in time you will be cured.

## Let Go

If you want to be healthy morally, mentally, and physically, just *let go*.

Let go of the little bothers of everyday life, the irritations, and the petty vexations that cross your path daily. Don't take them up and nurse them, pet them, and brood over them. They are not worth while. Let them go.

Let go that little hurt you got from a friend; perhaps it wasn't intended, perhaps it was. But never mind. Let it go.

Let go of that feeling of hatred you have for another, the jealousy, the envy, the malice, let go all such things. Sweep them out of your mind, and you will be surprised what a cleaning and rejuvenating effect it will have on you. Let them go; you house them at a deadly risk.

Let go that little pet ailment that you have been hanging on to and talking about — let it go. It will be a good riddance. You have treated it royally, but abandon it; let it go. Quit nursing that pet ailment, and let go.

— From *Medical Talk*.

## MAY PROCESSIONS

*E. A. Mangan, C.Ss.R.*

"Bring flowers of the rarest, bring flowers of the fairest — Oh Mary we crown thee with blossoms today, Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May."

Many a beautiful young voice will sing these words and other delightful May songs to the Queen of Heaven during the month of May. There will be May processions. Crownings of the May queen will be beautifully carried out. Everywhere throughout the world, flowers and incense and songs and prayers will blend into a delicious perfume ascending to Mary from the depths of the innocent hearts of her small children.

The smile of Our Blessed Mother will attend these celebrations in Her honor. And as she smiles gently may we not believe that stirring recollections will crowd into her memory? She attended a girls' school in the Temple at Jerusalem. From the time she was three until she was fourteen she may have taken part in processions very similar to those we have in May, on Holy Thursday and during the Forty Hours' Devotion.

These may sound like fantastic statements. Or at least it may be said by many that they are highly imaginative. But the fact is that they are not merely the products of fancy. They are based on solid traditions and on conjectures that seem to follow logically from many passages of Holy Scripture.

A strong and ancient tradition tells us that the Blessed Mother was taken to the temple and left there by her parents when she was but three years old. She remained till the time she was engaged to St. Joseph at the age of fourteen. Pope Gregory XIII has approved this tradition. It is not infallible nor is it even certain in the strict sense of the word, but it is very probable. We know too, from Holy Scripture that the Prophetess Anna remained always in the Temple. One of her duties there was in all probability to teach the young girls who, like Our Blessed Lady, had come to stay there for a certain period of time. She taught the Blessed Virgin among others.

The day after the first Palm Sunday when Our Lord had ridden in triumph into the Holy City, He met a crowd of children within the Temple precincts. They were carrying palm branches. They were singing. Most probably they were marching in procession for some liturgical function as Mary had done in her girlhood. The title of some of the Psalms which were sung at the services, reads: "For the Virgins." It probably means that certain Psalms were sung by the girl pupils of the Temple school.

If we weave all these stranded threads of information together the fabric of our story is made. It is not a picture of mere fancy. Tradition after all, generally proves itself correct. And it is eminently reasonable to draw logical conclusions from the words of God, Who is Truth.



## FORMULA FOR A MIRACLE

---

Few persons will refuse to admit to a certain amount of curiosity about the procedure of Saints who work miracles. A lesson worthy of imitation.

---

P. J. Hoffmann

*(A venerable priest strides firmly through the doorway, and a brisk young man with three sharp pencils and a notebook jumps up to greet him.)*

— St. Clement Hofbauer?

— Yes, son, at your service. And you are the reporter from The Daily Scoop seeking an interview. I'm not a man to waste time in idle talk, but an honest reporter ought to be able to do a lot of good. So let's see whether I can help you. What did you want?

— There's a story told about you, when you still lived down there in Vienna, how you multiplied and increased a loaf of bread. You had nothing but a crust in your palm, still you kept slicing away and slicing away, and there was always enough to go around. Some people say, having been a baker, you probably knew a trick or two about bread, like a magician who pulls rabbits out of a silk hat. Would you mind telling me all about it, so that I can explain to the world just what happened?

— I don't see why you picked on me. There are thousands of Saints up here, who did such things. For example, take the Blessed Virgin Mary, or St. Alphonsus . . .

— Pardon my boldness for interrupting, St. Clement, but — well you see — I was sent to get *your* story, and the editor would not be satisfied with some one else's story. I remember hearing you were always popular among young fellows, and thought you might help me.

— Any Saint would help a young fellow, if only asked to do so. But just what is your purpose in trying to get my story?

— We need some information. There's a gang of unbelievers calling themselves Communists, who are working havoc among the poor. It's a shame to see the poor falling for their line, being led around by an unscrupulous clique whose only outlook is for themselves.

**W**HAT information do you need?

— It's this way: the poor have not much to eat. Now the agents

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of this gang ridicule the Christian belief, that by suffering patiently on earth, we can deserve to be happy in Heaven. They poke fun at Heaven. They ask sneeringly: who ever saw or touched an angel? did any one ever get food to eat except by growing or stealing it? Would you please tell us, St. Clement, how to answer arguments like that?

— Don't answer them — at least not with mere words. This is my experience, son: the man who says there is no God, does not believe what he says. He is either very angry, or else he's just got a big mouth. In either case, talk is useless. If he needs help, help him as much as you can, even if it means giving your last cent. If he does not need help, just wait for him to change his mind, but in the meantime pray for him and treat him like a human being.

— That "helping" idea, St. Clement. . . . That's where we think your miracle would come in pretty handy. If you would only reveal the secret! When they asserted that nobody ever obtained food through prayer, we could hand them a slice of that miraculous bread, and what could they say?

— Remember, son, there's little hope of working a miracle until you have given away your last cent. These miracles happen when ordinary human means have failed. When you have given away all you possess in charity, when you reach the bottom of the cash-box, when your friends cannot or will not help you, when you are in the last ditch, so to speak, — that's the time to look for miracles.

— But when that time arrives, how do you go about it?

— Understand me, son. Miracles are worked only by God. Saints are just instruments in His hands. All a Saint can do is put himself into the hands of God, allowing Him to do with His instrument as He sees fit. Now in using me as an instrument to multiply the crusts of bread, the Lord was merely keeping a promise He had made.

— What was the promise, Father Clement?

— "Be not solicitous therefore, saying: What shall we eat: or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the heathens seek. For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things. Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." When these conditions have been fulfilled, that is, when people seek before all else the kingdom of God and His justice, God always keeps the promise, even should this require a miracle.

**C**OULD you explain that point a little more?

— Perhaps the example of a water-pump would make it clearer. If the pump is in good condition, water will flow as soon as you work the handle. Similarly, if a person is a true servant of God, the necessities of life will never be lacking to him. On the other hand, if the pump is in bad repair, say the pipe is not air-tight, water will not flow, no matter how hard you work. And if people put the kingdom of God in second, third, fourth or fifth place, God is not bound by any promise to help them. In a word, the instrument employed by God for a miracle must ordinarily possess certain qualities, which we might describe by calling the whole thing "air-tight holiness."

— Would you please make that a little clearer?

— You need virtue, especially humility. No one who is conceited can work a miracle, simply because he thinks so much of himself and so little of God. You have to take your reputation of being a miracle-man as a huge joke. You have to be able to wish sincerely that God will let you make a fool of yourself in front of everybody.

— Is anything besides humility necessary?

— You also need confidence. When things look pretty bad and you're in a tight pinch, don't weaken in the least, but keep going ahead as if everything were running smoothly.

— But suppose you have no money, and haven't eaten in twenty-four hours, and no miracle happens — what then?

— Just keep plodding along, without worrying about the miracle. The Lord is the Master of life and death. If He has chosen that as the moment of your death, resign yourself to His will. But it rarely becomes so tragic. After all, He feeds the sparrows, and He himself said we are worth more than any number of sparrows. In such a case, either some kind soul will come to your assistance, or the miracle will happen. You must live by faith.

— How do you live by faith?

— It means that, whereas others live by what they see, hear, taste, touch and smell, you regulate your life by what you believe. You take as your guide, your compass, this principle: "God is Truth; — Satan is a liar." If the voice of God's Church tells you that a certain thing is so, it is so, and nothing can change it. Suppose that 37 professors, 38 actors, 39 actresses, 40 doctors, 41 bankers, 42 lawyers, 43 fraternities and sororities, and a whole army of others maintain it is *not* so — what do you

do? Just repeat to yourself: "God is Truth;—Satan is a liar." Then you march right on following the lead of the Church, without so much as taking a second look at the army of witnesses lined up with Satan.

—Are you ready then to work miracles?

—Not right away. You continue to apply this principle every minute of the day, in all you do, at home, in the shop, on the street. Then as you learn to know more and more about God, you think less and less of the things you can see with your eyes, taste with your tongue, smell with your nose, hear with your ears, and touch with your hands. As you progress in this way of thinking and living, you lose all desire of possessing anything that merely tickles the senses, and yearn ever more for the things that satisfy the soul. You do not save more money than you can use. You spend your spare time in prayer, good reading, visiting the sick, instructing the ignorant, encouraging the weak, and in other spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

—It must be hard to live by faith.

—Not half so hard as the devil makes it appear. The more you become immersed in the things of the spirit, the less you are drawn by the desires of the flesh. You get so that you can walk past a theatre without feeling the least inclination to see a show. You can see your friends go off to the shore or to the mountains or on a cruise, while you stay home and work, and not feel dissatisfied with your lot. You can receive a gift of a thousand dollars without the slightest flurry of excitement, and give away a thousand to the needy without the least regret.

—That sounds hard to believe, St. Clement.

—Strange, but true, son. When you have arrived at this point, lots of people will pity you, others will think you just plain crazy, some will revere the ground you walk on, and the rest will spit in your face. But neither praise nor blame will any longer make a difference. The cheers of your admirers and the curses of your enemies will sound in your ears like voices from the valley to a man on the mountain-top. You march steadily onward, following your compass, hearkening to the voice of God in His Church, disregarding the lying voice of the devil and his servants.

**B**UT the miracle . . . how do you multiply the bread? I would like to give our readers a few details.

—I have been telling you for the last fifteen minutes.

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— Yes, but not about the bread-miracle. How did you hold the crust in your hand? What kind of a knife did you use?

— You see, son, when you've gotten to the point I have described, miracles just keep happening, and you don't pay any special attention to them, except to thank the Lord the same as you do for the bread you get from the baker. You are no more surprised to see the bread grow in your hand, than you would be to have enough money to pay for it in a bakery.

— Oh, I think I begin to see.

— To put the whole thing into a nutshell: Live by faith. The principle is: God is Truth; — Satan is a liar. The practical application is: Give away your last cent for the love of God . . .

— Yes, yes, I see.

— And when you have done that, start slicing your crust of bread, and you will have the would-be Communists eating right out of your hand.

### Language

*Boner of the Month:* The Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia was attending a dinner of Vancouver's Service Club. The dinner ended with the traditional singing of "God Save the King." Then the chairman of the meeting asked the guests: "Will you please remain in your places until the Lieutenant Governor and his party have completely passed out?"

*Figure of the Month:* Representative Creal of Kentucky had been heckling Representative Short of Missouri in a debate on the floor of Congress about the Reorganization Bill. Mr. Short annihilated his enemy with the words: "I've been farther under the barn hunting for eggs than the gentleman has ever been away from home."

*Euphemism of the Month:* Senator J. Hamilton Lewis of Illinois arose in the senate some time ago to explain the absence of Senator Smathers, who had been married that morning. He announced: "The senior Senator from New Jersey is detained by domestic urgencies."

### Looking Back

"The older I grow, and I now stand on the brink of eternity, the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism, which I learnt when a child at my mother's knee, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: 'What is the great end of man?' 'To glorify God and to enjoy Him forever.'" — *Carlyle*.

## Three Minute Instruction

### SIGNS OF A RELIGIOUS OR PRIESTLY VOCATION

Of perennial interest and importance is the question: How can I know whether I have a vocation to the priesthood or religious life? The question is based upon the erroneous assumption that such a vocation should be so absolute and clear that there would be scarcely any choice left to the free will once it were given. That is not the case. There are certain absolute conditions for such a vocation—conditions without which one can be sure God is not inviting him to the religious life or priesthood; and others that are inherent in free will and dependent upon free will, but inspired by the grace of God as an invitation to follow him. These are the signs:

#### I. Absolutely necessary conditions:

1. *Good health.* The priesthood and religious life make great demands on a person's physical constitution: good health is necessary.
2. *Ordinary talents.* (Except for a vocation as a lay brother or a lay Sister). Priests and religious must teach others; therefore must be able to advance in learning themselves.
3. *Reasonable independence.* If others are entirely dependent on one in a material or economic sense, it is clearly one's vocation to take care of them.
4. *Normal piety.* If one is not at least ordinarily devoted to religious practices, it could hardly be expected that he would be fitted for the more than ordinary religious exercises of a priest or religious.

#### II. Signs of vocation inspired by God in free will:

1. *A spirit of sacrifice.* An ability to give up lesser but more appealing goods for greater, but more invisible.
2. *A spirit of zeal.* That special form of charity that makes a youth think of doing something to save souls—many souls.
3. *A spirit of detachment.* The power that enables a person to be in the world and not of the world. It requires control of the emotions—which means that even when a person is drawn by powerful emotions to love others and cling to others—he can still govern these emotions and if necessary suppress them. Some sign of this power is necessary for a vocation to the celibate state.
4. *A desire to be a priest or a religious.* It may be of long standing or but recently experienced; intermittent or constant. God gives such desires as invitations, not as instruments of force.

The presence of these eight marks in the character of a youth is a sign that he (or she) is being invited by God to be one of His own. The signs will never amount to a certain mandate: the decision will always be left to the free will. Therefore a youth should ask himself this question: "How can I know that I am invited by God to be a priest or a religious?" And should answer: "If I have the proper signs of a vocation."



## CITY OF CONTRASTS

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A recently deceased columnist, O. O. McIntyre, kept the world informed about the goings on in the largest American city, New York. But here are described some of the things he did not see.

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A. J. Powers

**M**ENTION New York and immediately one thinks of Broadway and Wall Street — the one, the Mecca of pleasure-seekers, the other, the Mecca of money-seekers.

*Broadway!* There is not an avenue or street in any city of the United States (perhaps in any city of the world) that fascinates as does Broadway in New York. Every day it is filled with thousands of men and women on their errands of business, with matinee-goers and with visitors. (Who could think of going to New York without seeing Broadway?) At night the flood of light from the billboards of the theatres and the advertisements is almost blinding. It has ever been called "*The Great White Way*." Today there are so many blue and red neon lights among the white that it could more truly be called "*The Great Red, White and Blue Way*." Every night the sidewalks are packed with crowds on their way to and from the theaters. No one would care to say they were in New York who had not seen one of the hits on Broadway.

Broadway is flooded with shows — stage shows and movies. Good shows and bad shows; shows decent, entertaining, dramatic and shows that do not aim to entertain but merely to satisfy lustful passions — all of them are there for thousands to see. A few will run only a week or two; others will last a year or more. Soon the crowds will even tire of "*Tobacco Road*" which is now enjoying its fifth year on Broadway. The shows on Broadway do attract — for a while.

**A** block or two off Broadway there is an Attraction which draws crowds year in and year out. Here there is a little church (not the famous *Little Church around the Corner* where even divorcees can go to be "married"). The name of the church I do not remember, but it might well be called "*The Workingman's church*."

It is five-thirty o'clock on Tuesday evening and services are being conducted in honor of St. Anthony. The church is fairly crowded with

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men and women who have just finished eight, ten and twelve hours of hard work. Some are so tired that they crouch in the pews and rest their heads on their arms on the pews in front of them. Others are glad to sit back on the benches after standing on their feet all day. A priest is giving a sermon on humility. Imagine preaching to the most humble of men and women how to be humble! Those who need the sermon are around the corner on Broadway and are not here to learn how to be humble. Benediction given, many of the men and women hurry out to catch their "subs" and busses to get home for supper. Many — young men and women especially — stay on for a while to finish their rosary or to make the Way of the Cross. In this little Church resides Someone Who has been attracting crowds for years and will continue to attract them as long as it stands, wedged in among the crowded buildings.

I had heard so much about Wall Street and the Stock Exchange during the depression days that I promised myself that if ever I got to New York I would go to see the place where so many men lost their fortunes over night. When I got there, the guide took me into the balcony where I could look down on the floor of the Exchange. "A dull day, today!" he said. And yet telegraph tickers were clicking, messenger boys were running to and fro, boys were everlastingly changing the numbers on the board (no doubt they were marking down the sale price of the stock as they learnt from the ticker whether it was going up or down), buyers and sellers were talking loudly so that they could hear one another above the other noises. "General Motors, 78" — "United Steel, 92" and a hundred other stocks were listed. What a babel this place must be on a busy day if this is supposed to be a dull day. (No wonder our Lord became angry and drove the buyers and sellers from the temple where there should have been a reverent silence!) Everywhere on the floor there was noise and confusion.

\* \* \*

It is only a short walk of a few blocks from Wall Street to Barclay Street. To most of us Barclay Street is known for its religious article stores. Kennedy, O'Toole, Hirten, Benziger, Pustet and a score of others have their stores on Barclay Street. But to many New Yorkers Barclay Street is known only because it is here they come to visit at old St. Peter's. Everyday from noon until evening there is Public

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Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. If you did not know this fact on entering the church you would think that services were in progress for the church is nearly always crowded. There, no doubt, among the crowd are men and boys from Wall Street glad to be away from the noise and confusion of the morning market — glad to be in the quiet presence of the Eucharistic King. All about the church are warehouses, stores and factories. Men and women going to and from work to these stores and factories would never think of passing by old St. Peter's without a little visit to their Eucharistic Lord and King.

**I**N EVERY town and city in the United States the old year is ushered out and the New Year welcomed in with hilarity. But nowhere does the New Year receive the welcome it receives in New York. To save the windows from being crashed in by the Midnight revelers, carpenters are kept busy all during the day of New Year's eve fixing up boards in front of the plate glass windows of the shops on Broadway near and for blocks around Times Square.

About six o'clock in the evening — as darkness sets in over the city and Broadway once more becomes the Great White Way — as thousands of workers pour out of the factories and office buildings and stores, the reveling begins. This year it rained, but rain, far from dampening, rather enlivens the spirit of the New Year's eve crowd in New York. By this time a few are already drunk and are acting up as only those who have a few too many drinks can. Each new hour before Midnight brings thousands more of jubilant celebrators into the streets. By nine, lines three and four deep are formed for blocks in front of the theaters waiting to get tickets for the Midnight shows. From taxis and limousines women in evening dresses and men in full dress suits pour into the hotels, night clubs and places of amusement. The streets are filled with vendors selling their noise makers. Anything from a whistle to a cow bell can be bought for a fancy price. At ten o'clock it is still raining but it has not dampened the care-free and fun-mad crowd. The bedlam the crowd is raising with their noise-makers is deafening. One not used to a New Year's eve crowd in New York begins to shy away from the noise like a horse from an automobile horn on a lonely country road. Sardines will never be packed tighter in their cans than are the crowds packed in those few blocks around Times Square on Broadway on New Year's eve in New York. And still more men and women are forging their

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way into the middle of the crowd each minute. At twelve—the noise is so wild that it would make one believe the end of the world had come. The whistles announce the midnight hour but the noise of the crowd drowns out the sound of the blowing whistles. In the crowd around Times Square no one dares to move for fear of being treaded upon and stamped to death. Fun galore—at least, they call it fun!

*That's New Year's Eve on Broadway in New York.*

A FEW blocks away from Broadway the old year was ushered out and the New Year welcomed in a more quiet, more peaceful, more joyous, more human way. Crowds are pouring into St. Patrick's Cathedral for the New Year's Eve services which will last from eight to nine-thirty o'clock. The crowd is a motley one. In the crowd I noticed particularly a policeman in uniform ("the best dressed policemen in the world" is New York's boast!), a little old lady with a shawl over her head, a young man in full dress suit with gloves and top hat in his hand, with him a young lady in an evening gown with her fur coat wrapped tightly about her and a piece of silk thrown over her hair (no doubt they wanted the blessing of their Eucharistic King before starting off on an evening of fun), many shabbily dressed men and women (many of whom will probably spend the night in cheap lodging houses nearby). I was particularly struck by the number of men and young couples in that crowd.

Before the services started the walls of the Cathedral resounded with the deep male voices of the Cathedral choir singing their Christmas carols—songs of peace and love. When the services started the Cathedral was filled. A little white-haired old man came into the pulpit to give his yearly New Year's eve sermon. (There are many who would never think of missing this little old man's sermon on New Year's eve.) He recalls to his listeners the many reasons for thanking God for the past year. He reminds them that the Catholics in the United States are not persecuted as are their fellow Catholics in Germany, Russia, Mexico and Spain. Here we have no war—as have the poor Spaniards and the Chinese and Japanese. The Catholic Church was growing steadily year by year. Reasons enough these for a fervent "Thanks be to God." The old year has passed and the new year is bringing new opportunities for all—opportunities for bettering ourselves spiritually and temporally. This old world of ours is getting to be a better place

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to live in, thinks Monsignor Lavelle, the grey-haired rector of the Cathedral and Head of the Catholic Charities in New York.

The sermon over, a procession of clerics and priests and monsignori winds its way from the sacristy to the altar. At the end of the procession comes the venerable old Cardinal of New York — the Cardinal of Charity — Patrick Cardinal Hayes. He gives the benediction. The organ is hushed — a reverent and awesome silence falls over the crowd — heads are bowed in adoration. The noise of the revelers on the street can be heard but no one seems to heed it. All are too intent on receiving the blessing of their Eucharistic King. Benediction over, the walls of the Cathedral resound with that age old hymn: "*Te Deum laudamus, Te Dominum Confitemur*," and it is ringing in the ears of the crowd as they leave the Cathedral and go out into the streets and hear again the tooting of the horns and the ringing of the harsh cow-bells and the loud, racuous voices of the pleasure-mad crowd.

*That's New Year's Eve near Broadway in New York.*

### Movies in Foreign Lands

In Germany children under 6 years of age are forbidden to enter the movies. Those who are under 18 are permitted to attend only those pictures which have been previously censored and approved.

In Austria children and youths, up to the age of 16, are allowed to attend only previously censored films and those approved especially for them; they are not allowed to be in the movies after 8:00 P.M.

The regulations in Luxemburg prohibit all under 17 from assisting at the presentation of films which were not previously approved and this approbation for families and children must be announced even though the film has been censored; otherwise their attendance is forbidden.

The law in Sweden forbids children under fifteen to attend movies and they may not remain after 8:00 P.M., unless accompanied by an adult of their family. Every movie is supposed to be announced as approved for children or not.

According to the legislation which varies in the several cantons of Switzerland, young people from 15 to 18 years of age may not attend the ordinary movies. Attendance at these shows is forbidden in all the cantons to those who are not 15.

— *La Unión.*

## DETACHMENT—MODERN STYLE

R. J. Miller, C.Ss.R.

Spiritual writers make much of "detachment"—that is, the virtue which enables us to give up anything we possess—friends, relations, money, health, reputation, everything—if God so wills.

The question is asked:

In our modern day, what is the hardest kind of detachment? What is the one thing people cling to even after they have given up everything else?

Answer: Their personal opinions about politics and economics.

Good religious people, who kneel side by side at the Communion rail, and accept patiently, in the very best spirit of detachment, every adversity that comes upon them; people who can even bid their last farewell to near and dear ones, and murmur "God's holy Will be done"—these same people—and all of us, pretty nearly—keep one last idol in our hearts—our opinions on politics and economics: what is wrong with the Republicans, what is right about the Democrats; why the New Deal is good or bad; and whether Fr. Coughlin is a hero or a villain.

Another question is asked:

Is detachment from our opinions about politics and economics necessary?

Answer: It is necessary for each individual, and for the country at large.

It is necessary for each individual, because without it he will lose his peace of mind and be exposed to many sins against charity and even justice against those who have other opinions.

And it is necessary for the country at large, because without it the country is a house divided against itself; and a house divided against itself cannot stand; it is full of turmoil which makes it hard for people to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and even to render to God the things that are God's.

### Epitaph

In the Church of St. John Lateran in Rome is to be found the following epitaph, in Latin:

"Here lies Robert Pechom, an Englishman and a Catholic who, after the breaking away of England from the Church, left England, not being able to live without the Faith; and who, having come to Rome, died—not being able to live without his country."



## BIBLES BEFORE LUTHER

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Was the Bible ever read by Catholics before Luther translated it into German? Were Bibles "chained" to keep the people from reading them? Here is your answer.

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A. T. Zeller

FATHER AUSTIN was lecturing before a mixed audience, Catholic and non-Catholic. They were all teachers or university graduates — one a member of the School Board. The lecture was on the Development of the Book. The last specimen Father Austin had to show was a complete German Bible, printed in 1483 — that is, 40 years before Luther's final break with the Church and 50 years before he brought out his complete Bible.

After the lecture there were a number of questions asked. Then Mrs. Tower, who belongs to the University Women's Club and is a very prominent worker in one of the Lutheran Churches, asked: "May I look at that German Bible more closely, please."

"Certainly," said Father Austin. "Just step up to the table." She did so and with some show of eagerness, turned to the front of the book.

"Are you looking for the title page?" asked Father Austin.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Tower. "I'd like to see the date and name of the printer, and so on."

"Well," replied Fr. Austin, "in books printed before 1500, there is no title page, as we have them now. Either they begin at once with the book itself, or there is a brief title, without author's or printer's name or any of the usual information given in title pages. For such information one must ordinarily turn to the last page. Printing, in those early days, was a laborious process and quite slow compared with our modern printing. And so we find these early printers — Columbuses in the art of printing — finishing off their books with a sort of 'Deo Gratias' a 'Thanks to God' — and giving the full description of the book's making, in the very last paragraph. Here," he concluded, turning to the last page, "here is the information you are looking for. . . . You read German, do you?"

"Yes," she said.

"Of course," went on Fr. Austin, "this German is quite different in grammar, syntax and spelling from our modern German — but, not

so different that you can't make it out with some study." But Mrs. Tower was already reading the passage, a bit stumblingly, because of the peculiarities of the type and spelling.

"Read it aloud," said Fr. Austin, "so that the others can hear." For by now others had become interested. She said, — in German, of course; — in English it would read as follows:

*"This most noble work of the entire Sacred Scripture, called the Bible, in comparison with the other bibles printed before it, — purer, clearer, and truer according to the genuine commonly spoken German, — with great diligence squared with the Latin (Vulgate) text, — judiciously punctuated, — provided with titles for most of the chapters and psalms, indicating their content and reason, — as well as with beautiful figures illustrating the stories, — here ends.*

*"Printed by Anthony Koberger, in the noble, imperial city of Nuremberg, after the Birth of Christ, of the law of grace, fourteen hundred and eighty-third year on the Monday after Invocavit.*

*"For which achievement let there be praise and glory and honor to the high and holy Trinity and eternal being, the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, who liveth and reigneth, God forever. Amen."*

Mrs. Tower shook her head; here was something that evidently surprised her. There could be no mistake, — the date was too clear.

"Why," she said finally, "it says there besides, 'in comparison with other bibles printed before this,' — so this isn't the only printing of the Bible before Martin Luther?"

"Certainly not," said Father Austin. "In fact, of the known printings or editions of the Bible in High German this is listed by scholars as the 9th. Editions were printed before it at Strasburg (2), Augsburg (5), Basle (1). In all there were 14 High German editions and 4 Low German editions before Luther's rebellion from the Catholic Church."

"But, did the people buy and read the Bible?" pursued Mrs. Tower.

"There can be no doubt about that," replied Fr. Austin. "An evidence of that lies in the fact that in 1473 two editions were made, and in 1477 two more had to be made in Augsburg alone, and in 1487 two more. And even as early as 1480 the Low German edition of Cologne had to be reprinted a second time. Many writers of the time bear witness to the spread of German Bibles during this period, immediately after the invention of printing. For instance, Sebastian Brant, a con-

temporary writes: 'Every country is now filled with the Holy Scriptures.'

"Is this the only copy of those early Bibles that is left?" asked Mrs. Tower.

"By no means," answered Father Austin. "There are 58 copies of the Koberger edition of 1483 known still to exist; there may be others, hidden away in private libraries just like this one is. Of the very first German Bible printed, the one by Mentel at Strasburg in 1466 there are still 28 copies on record."

"But were these editions very numerous?" pursued Mrs. Tower.

"Well," replied Fr. Austin, "we have no definite record of the number of copies in each edition. But perhaps we can make a reasonable guess, as does Johannes Janssen in his 'History of the German People,' from the fact that of a complete Breviary printed at that time, an edition of 4,000 copies, now only 8 copies remain. Of these early printed German Bibles we have over a hundred copies registered. This would point to an innumerable number."

"You spoke of other printers besides Anthony Koberger. Why, Gutenberg invented the art of printing with moveable type only a short time before that."

"True," said Father Austin. "Gutenberg printed the first book in 1445 at Mayence. But by 1500 printing establishments were set up in 269 cities in practically every part of Europe—the most of them in Italy (79), Germany (58), France (45), and Spain (29). By 1520, ninety-two new places were added. And in these places we find by that time 2,421 printing offices, running 7,263 presses. About 60 of these printing establishments were in monasteries or convents."

"So the Church did not oppose printing, but even used it?" asked Mrs. Tower.

"Far from opposing, she hailed it as a God-given means of spreading the truth. In fact George H. Putnam in his 'Books and Their Makers' admits that 'the influence of Rome and of the Church generally, during the earlier work of the printers, was very largely favorable and had not a little to do with the support given to the work, which might easily otherwise have been given up for lack of adequate return.' And he says: 'The popes of the time gave a cordial welcome to the revival of scholarly interests and to the printing press as an important means for furthering the general education and intellectual development

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of the community. This interest was by no means limited to the distribution of doctrinal works, but in those early years of publishing they welcomed, and to a considerable extent co-operated in, the production of editions, for general circulation, of the works of the pagan classics." (Books and their Makers, I. p. 367.)

"Do we know anything of this Anthony Koberger who printed this German Bible in 1483?"

"Yes, you will find a very interesting account of him, for instance, in the book I referred to above, especially in Volume Two, Chapter VII. He says of Koberger: 'Koberger gave special attention to the production of Bibles and of works in orthodox theology. (Let us note the word orthodox, here, because, Putnam is not altogether free from bias; he means, recognized by the Catholic Church) . . . Koberger took the initiative in the production of books containing expensive and elaborate illustrations, and his illustrated editions will compare more favorably with those of Plantin and with the other publishers of the Low Countries, than is the case with the issues of any other German publisher. Nuremberg had always been the center of art interests, and there appear to have been in the town many designers whose services could be secured for the production of woodcuts. The great German Bible, published by Koberger in 1483 (the one I have here), filled with artistic illustrations engraved on wood, compares not unfavorably with the illustrated Bible issued by Plantin fifty years later.'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Tower, looking through the venerable old Bible before her, "I notice the illustrations are remarkable. I can't help marvelling at the coloring. What strikes me is that the capitals for each chapter seem to have been added later on by hand."

"That," replied Fr. Austin, "is quite common in the early printed books. Especially so in the early printings of the Bible, and shows their veneration for the Sacred Text which they wished to make as beautiful as possible, as becomes the Word of God."

"Indeed," continued Mrs. Tower, "that seems quite evident from this book. But what about the Church's keeping the Bible 'chained' as we are so often told?"

"Oh," replied Father Austin, "that refers more to the times before printing made books cheap enough for everybody to buy. Before that time books were written by hand; this was a rather slow method of multiplying books. Charles H. Haskins, in his 'The Renaissance in the

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Twelfth Century' beautifully describes a monastic *scriptorium* or room for copying books — for most of the manuscript book-making was done in monasteries of men and women. He says (p. 74): 'In 1162 it is recorded as something remarkable that a Bible at Leon was copied in 6 months and illustrated in the seventh. In 1220-1221 a copyist of Novara spent 6 years and a quarter upon a Bible.' If such books were lent out freely," went on Father Austin, "naturally they would cease to be available for public use. So the church authorities would chain the Bible in a room near the rear of the Church, so that every body could use it — just the same as we chain our telephone directories in public booths, so that they may be available for all."

"Why certainly," cried Mrs. Tower, laughing, "they must have had as much sense in those days as we have — and it would be ridiculous for anyone to say that by chaining our telephone directories we meant to keep anyone from using them. Rather, it is a sign that we want them to serve for the use of all."

"Yes," said Father Austin, "that's just it. There must have been very many German manuscript Bibles in existence, since we still know of 203 dating from before the invention of printing. Of Latin copies, — and everybody who could read at all, as Haskins says, could read Latin — there were many more. But at that they were few enough to make some means like that necessary to keep them for the public use."

"Just one question," said Mrs. Tower. "I read here in this passage: 'On Monday after Invocavit,' what does that mean?"

"I think," said Father Austin, "that that gives us an interesting insight into the lives of the people of those days. They dated their books and their letters quite commonly, not with the calendar date, but with the first word taken from the Introit, or first part, of the Mass. It shows how familiar people were with the Church's Liturgy."

"Well, well," exclaimed Mrs. Tower, "so all these German Bibles existed before Luther. Did he use some of these earlier translations in making his own?"

"This seems quite clear. Even non-Catholic authors like Geffcken and Krafft assert it. Krafft says, after comparing older versions with Luther's: 'Whoever compares these passages can no longer doubt that the agreement between Luther's work and the medieval German Bible is not merely accidental.' — Indeed, I have an old Luther Bible, printed two years after Luther published his complete Bible in 1534, and a com-

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parison would show this — and it would show likewise, how much more smoothly his translation reads.”

“Well, then,” remarked Mrs. Tower, “how do these lies get into history? We were always told that Martin Luther gave the Bible to the people!”

“Perhaps,” said Father Austin, “we must go back to Luther himself for starting this erroneous tradition. In his ‘Table-Talk’ (his conversations, not always very considerate or even very modest) he repeatedly speaks of Popery ‘kicking Scripture under the bench’ where ‘it lay forgotten in the dust,’ so that he had been obliged to drag it into the light of day. But this was a pure exaggeration; he had ‘bad habit’ of exaggerating, as historians admit. What he really meant was simply that his interpretation of the Bible — since in other passages he even grants that through the Papacy God preserved His Word here on earth during the centuries that went before — was the only correct one.”

### Little Things

Here is a list of little things, little Catholic practices, that mark the faith of the true Christian and enfold his life with blessings. How many are still observed?

1. Tipping the hat or bowing the head on passing a church.
2. Using holy water on entering and leaving the home, on rising in the morning or retiring at night.
3. Wearing scapulars or the scapular medal.
4. Saluting every priest met on the street.
5. Carrying the rosary at all times.
6. Saying family prayers together at night.
7. Beginning and ending every task with a whispered offering of it to the Sacred Heart.

### Early Mass

See in the spacious temple of the sky  
The veil of night from end to end is rent.  
Light splits the jagged cloud-rocks, heaped on high,  
The night winds flee in frightened wonderment;  
As from a grave the radiant sun comes out —  
A saint long dead, we see him walk about. . . .

And while a few look on, with tearful eyes —  
Once more the God-Man bows His head and dies. . . .

.. L. G. M.

# **HOUSES**

## **HOUSE FOR SALE**

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**The first part of a three part story, in which a house for sale tangles up three lives — and then unravels them in a strange way.**

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**D. F. Miller**

To sell, at a sacrifice, house newly furnished, and lot, 70 x 40. Ideal for newly married couple. 1246 Fairlawn Ave. Callers welcome.

The girl with the pert, pointed hat, the trim gray business suit, and the "seller-beware" attitude that all women assume on shopping tours, paused on the sidewalk and scanned once more the words of the ad in the folded newspaper she held in her hand. Then she looked up at the number of the house before which she stood.

"1230," she mused. At once her glance flew to the third house down the street and she said inwardly: "That must be it." Almost immediately she added, this time audibly: "Oh!" and started towards it.

The house numbered 1246 was indeed one to draw forth the "ohs" and "ahs" of a beautiful and marriageable young lady. It had apparently but recently been completed; it was set back about 20 feet from the sidewalk; the space before it and around it had been plotted and seeded for lawn and flowers; refined looking little signs bobbed up here and there from amid the emergent grass and coyly said: "Please!" But the house itself held the girl rooted to the sidewalk gazing.

Some person, or persons, not belonging in spirit to this super-standardized age and generation, had exhausted an abundant supply of artistic originality on its design. They had gone, the Lord knows where, to find a very comfortable kind of brick for the house, that made the onlooker think neither of electric power stations nor of new million dollar high schools. They had scattered windows through the walls with such perfect freedom of spirit that the place reminded one neither of a barracks nor a factory nor a sanatorium, but of a house with a soul of its own. They had fashioned doors, not as if for an arsenal nor an outdated "speakeasy," but for the purpose of drawing people to them, as a house should, with thoughts of shelter and joy and peace. They had gone into the study of roof gables with a zest, and produced a re-



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sult in variety and simplicity, that seemed capable of awakening the aesthetic enthusiasm of a hobo. The young lady, newspaper in hand, stood gazing with something of reverence. At last she appeared to come to, and there was an evident let-down of her feelings and an evident cause for the same. "No," she seemed to say, "it can't be possible. It will cost a fortune." As if forced, however, her feet were carrying her to the door.

SOMETHING of the background of Anne Rawlings is necessary for an appreciation of her introduction to the owner and would-be seller of the Fairlawn home. It has been indicated that she was beautiful, but that word covers a multitude of young ladies and a wide variety of types on the American scene. Anne Rawlings was of the type that belongs neither on the front of a romantic magazine nor in the middle of a cigarette ad, but in the midst of flesh-and-blood human beings. She was the type of whom you would say at a glance: Put that girl in the center of a group of friends, or at a committee meeting of a social or cultural group, or in charge of affairs in a home, and she will stand out like a movie star surrounded by extras. Alone, you would say she was beautiful, but would withhold almost with horror applying any term so tawdry as "glamorous" to her beauty. Ready, efficient, trustworthy, wholesome — all this was evident in her appearance and make-up.

Anne Rawlings, moreover, was (mark it well) a Catholic. There is a school of thought which says that such points about characters are irrelevant to stories, or should never be stressed as relevant; that stories should be about human beings as such and not about Catholics or Methodists or Holy Rollers. Bowing to the superior knowledge and wisdom of the protagonists of this school, we yet affirm that Anne Rawlings was a Catholic, and that on her status as such this true story largely turns. More than that, we think that almost any Catholic is good for a story. Catholics are such peculiar people in this day and age, that is, the real ones. They have such definite ideas about things on which the rest of the world seems to be in a perpetual miasma of doubt. They are so sure about what they hold to be the fundamentals of law and order in the universe that there are not wanting persons who would like to remove them from said universe. And with it all they themselves are so prone to make mistakes that there is hardly one about

whom a fascinating and dramatic story might not be told.

But, to have done with digressions, Anne Rawlings was a Catholic and a pretty good one. She was also a loveable, energetic, and intensely human creature to whom life was a very interesting adventure. And, as happens not rarely, Anne had met, shortly before the opening events of this story, a rare and interesting young man to whom she had subsequently promised her hand and her heart in an engagement to marry. The boy friend was not a Catholic.

Hackneyed is perhaps the word that best describes this situation. But it was by no means hackneyed to Anne. Through her inexperienced eyes she saw only an opportunity for giving vent to her abilities and leanings, running a home, rearing children, providing for her future. She was not blind to what can be and has, world without end, been said against such a marriage as she projected; but the very certainty of her own faith prejudiced her against taking too seriously the difficulties that were promised and prophesied. She knew what she was about, she would say, and could take care of herself.

So, while Howard Johnson, her intended, went about his daily work, Anne was house-hunting against their impending marriage.

"GOOD afternoon," said the man who opened the door almost immediately on her ring. "I saw you looking at the house and recognized a prospective buyer at once. James Wolff is the name."

Anne saw before her a man who for all his thinning hair and experienced air of proprietorship could not be much above thirty. He deferentially held the door open for her, led her to the living room, motioned her to a chair, and himself sat down on the thick plush arm of a deep easy chair.

"Rawlings is my name," said Anne, "Miss Anne Rawlings. I saw your advertisement," she waved the newspaper, "and I came to have a look. But I'm afraid there's no chance of my — our — buying this beautiful place."

"Don't be too sure," said the man, with comforting sincerity. He had been holding a straight-stemmed pipe in his hand, and now he lit it. "The house is peculiar, don't you think? Peculiar, in the sense of different — something not along the usual lines — original?"

"Yes," answered Anne, and would have gone on to enthusiastic comment, but he cut in.

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"Well, so am I. None of your old straight-laced, form-book business methods for me. I'm looking for a buyer for this house, but not on the basis of the highest bidder or surest payer. Get that?"

Anne mumbled an incoherent affirmative, and felt like a school girl standing a test. But she wondered what kind of a man this was.

"You'll like this house," he went on, authoritatively. "It's made for comfort, happiness, beauty, and real family life." For the first time he doffed the dictatorial air. "Don't you think so?"

"From what I've seen," confessed Anne, "it's grand."

"And you'd like to see the rest? You will in a moment. But you'll be wondering why I want to sell it, so I'll tell you now." He puffed at the pipe until smoke almost hid his face, and then continued: "I too was engaged to be married. . . . I built this house for our home. . . . We had a quarrel. . . . We broke up." . . . He stood up and left a cloud of smoke behind him like his memories. "So I decided to sell the house and move on. You know, new surroundings, new start and all that."

"Oh," said Anne, genuinely touched. "I'm sorry."

"Don't mind," he said. "I'm used to it now, and having a great time finding someone to buy the house. Someone whom I want to buy it. You're the seventeenth person that applied. I've been offered \$25,000 spot cash. But it wasn't the right party. . . . Come on and have a look around."

THEY STARTED with the cellar and moved systematically through every room of the house. In rapid conversation the man described things with emphasis on the housewife's point of view. He was a perfect salesman, but, if this can be imagined, a salesman who talked with a complete lack of commercial interest or point of view; he never even mentioned the price of any article displayed. Anne marvelled at his knowledge and vocabulary, but more at the exquisite taste and sure comfort in which everything had been arranged.

They had hardly begun when she was struck by the number of religious symbols and adornments that had been introduced simply and naturally into the general scheme. Catholic symbols and adornments they were: a wood carving of the Last Supper; a Madonna of one of the masters; a holy water font in the hands of a cherub; a pair of candlesticks on a mantle wrought in Catholic symbols. All through the house

such things were visible as part of the structure, not as afterthoughts slapped on. The man is a Catholic, thought Anne, and for the moment let it go at that.

But the most startling thing was coming. On the second floor there was a combination study and living room. On either side of it was a bedroom, a door in each leading into the study and a second door opening upon a corridor. They had looked into the bedrooms from the corridor, and now stood before the living room in the center. Before entering, the man stopped Anne and said:

"Here is the room that caused the break between myself — and the girl. It also holds the key to the sale of this house. Go in."

Anne stepped over the threshold.

At the first glimpse of what was before her, her breath caught with amazement. Of all the strange and new things she had seen, this was the strangest. . . . There was a deep wide alcove in one side of the room, and it had been constructed as a chapel. A small altar was there, beautifully carved in filigree work out of wood. A stained-glass window threw down a blue and gold light upon it, and in the dim light beneath the window, in the center of the filigree work, there was an oil painting of the Virgin Mary. There were linens and candles and flowers on the altar, a prieu-dieu before it, and a rack beside it holding various devotional books. The rest of the room was fitted out as a study — a place where a person could work or converse or read.

James Wolff led Anne out of the room before he spoke.

"That room," he said, "is the heart of this home. Do you," he said, pointing his finger at her in the old schoolmaster way, "Do you know anything about the middle ages?"

A bystander would have said that this was the time to laugh, but Anne did not dare. "Not very much, I'm afraid," she said with a small timid voice.

He relaxed and smiled himself. He went on almost casually. "Most houses had a chapel in those days — a real one. This is only a distant imitation. But it's what made homes into fortresses in the old days and civilization into a walled city. Today it's a refuge from an atmosphere of pagan germs that crawl down into a man's soul and eat like cancer. But people seem to like the germs crawling around inside them. Do you know what I've been called on account of that room?"

"No," said Anne.

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"For that room I've been called a fool by the girl I was to marry, a "nut" by uncultured strangers, and a fanatic by some of my own friends. I presume I haven't caught enough of the germs."

He paused a moment and then continued.

"You are, as I mentioned, the seventeenth person who came to look the house over. You are a Catholic — I detected that in your eyes when you stood before the Da Vinci downstairs. You are a good one — I saw that in your eyes when you were drinking in my favorite Madonna. If your husband-to-be is like you, germ-free, this house is yours — at your own price and on your own terms. Think it over; talk it over; look it over together; and let me know."

*(To be continued)*

### Try This Experiment

Recommended for its effect on one's social, economic and political philosophy is the experiment made by Miss Irene M. Lapsley, a supervisor for the Richmond (Virginia) Social Service Bureau.

It was found that in the city of Richmond, 7,200 persons were living on direct relief. That meant that on the average, these persons had to subsist on seven-cent meals. Miss Lapsley decided to live for a week on such rations to "see what it was like."

She found that the only way it could be done in Richmond was to adhere to the following menu:

Breakfast: Cereal, tomato juice, and coffee.

Lunch: Three peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and three apples.

Dinner: Boiled rice, boiled cabbage, two fried apples, two slices of bread, baked apples and coffee.

When the week ended, Miss Lapsley commented: "I'm glad it's over. I hope I never see another apple."

We believe the country would soon be prosperous, if more of those who have never had to deny themselves anything would undertake her seven-cent diet for a week.

### Important

"I can't believe in a thing like Christianity and go on living as if it were not true, or did not matter. It does matter supremely. It is the only thing that does matter." — *Henry Harland.*

## THE ANGELIC GREETING

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The "Hail Mary" has become the universal prayer of all Christians to the Mother of God. Here are some of the early forms of the prayer out of which the present form developed.

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F. A. Brunner,

IN RICHARD PYSON'S edition of the *Calendar of Shepherds* (in the original quaint spelling it reads *Kalender of Sheparyds*), which was issued at London in 1506, the printer reproduced three woodcuts from an earlier copy made in Paris by a Scotch clerk, in 1503. Each of these woodcuts illustrates a phrase of the Hail Mary, and very beautifully. In the first picture you see the angel Gabriel greeting our Lady as she kneels in prayer in her humble cottage at Nazareth: "Hayle Mari" — to use the spelling of the woodcut itself — "ful of grace, or lorde be wt the." The second picture carries you over the hill-country to Ain-Karim where Mary has come to visit her cousin Elizabeth who, as the angel told her, was to give birth to Christ's forerunner, John the Baptist. The woodcut puts into the mouth of Elizabeth these words of sweet praise, just as the Gospel tells them: "Thou are blessid of al wimen and in thi womb ihs." Finally, the third woodcut sketches a fancied scene in which the whole church — the Pope in his tiara, the Cardinals of the Roman church, and bishops and monks — send out a cry of helplessness to the Mother and her Babe; the legend in the picture reads: "Holy mary moder of god pray for us siñers."

Here, in pictorial form, you learn the three divisions of that beautiful prayer we know as the Angelic Greeting or *Ave Maria*. The text in explanation of the woodcuts contains these enlightening sentences, the antique wording of which is not hard to follow.

"In this ave marie be the iii [Three] mesteris.

"The first is the salutacyon that aungell gabryell made.

"The seconde is the lovyng commendacyon that saynt Elysabeth made, moder to saynt John Baptyste.

"The thyrd is the supplycacyon that makes our mother the holy chirche. And they be the fayrest words that we can say to oure lady."

Though originally these three "mesteris" were separate, the course of ages brought them finally together, so that now when you say the Hail Mary you would not judge that the parts did not always form a complete whole.

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TO a modern reader it may seem a bit ridiculous that the Benedictine scholar of the eighteenth century, Mabillon, and his Maurist confreres were reprimanded for holding the opinion that the saying of the Hail Mary became a common devotion only late in the Middle Ages, and that the third part, the petition or "supplicacyon," was invented even later and not generalized till the end of the sixteenth century. Popular legend would have it that the Hail Mary was in general use even in the time of the Council of Ephesus, in 431, when the assembled fathers vindicated our Lady's title as Mother of God.

Though this is hardly likely, there are traces of a very early liturgical use of detached phrases from St. Luke's Gospel, wherein the words of the Hail Mary are found. In fact, in the Offertory refrain for the Mass on the fourth Sunday in Advent, the unknown composer (who lived before the close of the sixth century) has combined two phrases into the familiar form we now regularly use: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee" — the earlier manuscripts, however, do not contain the words, "the Lord is with thee" — "blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." The written history of the Hail Mary, so dear to us and grown so familiar through the Rosary, begins with this splendid Gregorian chant which gives us the text as used throughout the early Middle Ages.

Phrases such as these, and combinations, were sometimes a favorite practice among hermits and monks. Of St. Ildephonse of Toledo, who died the 23rd of January, 667, it is related that one day, on entering his cathedral, he found our Lady seated on his own bishop's throne, surrounded by her court of angels. Undazzled and undaunted, the holy bishop cried out, "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." This homage endeared the saint to that holy Mother and she gratefully bestowed on him a chasuble which she had brought from heaven. It matters not whether this episode is authentic or not; the narrative proves at least that a writer could conceive as natural and probable this saying of the Angelic Greeting.

It was left to another saint, Cardinal Peter Damian, to spread the use of this prayer among the people. The Cardinal, who lived his eventful life in the eleventh century, was an ardent devotee of Mary, and earnestly zealous in fostering the use of the *Little Office* — a small imitation of the breviary, such as the sisterhoods of today are accustomed



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to recite daily in honor of the Blessed Virgin. In this devotion various phrases of the Hail Mary are said separately and in combination. Small wonder that these prayers were soon on everyone's lips. The saint himself tells of a half-witted cleric who "among the cinders of his useless life retained one little spark of sense and devotion, so that every day before the altar of the Mother of God he would bow his head and sing, 'Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women.'" Where would this poor idiot have picked up this scrap of song but from frequently hearing it?

THE prayer as said in these later centuries was sometimes rounded out by the addition of words like "Jesus" or "Jesus Christ. Amen" — or simply "So be it." John Myrc, an Augustinian canon of Lilleshall, Shropshire, wrote about 1400 a treatise on how parish priests were to instruct their people; he furnishes a rimed version of the Hail Mary which probably approximates the English version then used. It is here given in modernized spelling.

"Hail be thou, Mary, full of grace,  
God is with thee in every place,  
I-blessed be thou of all women,  
And the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Amen.

But soon other phrases came to be added as well — other words of praise, or petitions for help. Our own present-day prayer comes from Italy. St. Bernardine of Sienna, a Franciscan preacher of some fame who died in 1444, was wont to conclude his prayer with the words, "Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners. Amen" — but it is not certain that he invented the phrases. This usage became very popular. The newer editions of various breviaries appearing in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries incorporated some such addition into the Hail Mary which was said at the end of Compline (the evening prayer of the Office). How unusual this appeared, however, can be gathered from an observation in the *Myroure of our Lady*, a book written for the Bridgettine nuns of Syon convent (near Twickenham, on the Thames). "Some say at the beginning of this salutacyon *Ave benigne Jesu* and some say after *Maria mater Dei*, with other addycyons at the ends also. And such thinges may be saide when folke saye their Aves of theyre own devocyon. But in the servyce of the chyrche, I trowe it to be moste sewer and moste medeful [that is, I believe it to be most sure

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and praiseworthy] to obey the comon use of saying as the chyrche hath set without all such addicions."

The third part of the Hail Mary, therefore, unlike the first, does not come from Holy Scripture; it wells up out of the very heart of Christian piety. In 1568 this version as we are used to saying it, was adopted in the breviary of St. Pius V, and thus received an official recognition.

### *Practical Catholic*

The following description of the religious practices of Generalissimo Franco of the Spanish Nationalists is given by one of his staff officers.

"Franco's piety is sincere; no one can doubt it. I accompany him to Mass and to Holy Communion every Sunday and Feast day. He assists at Mass almost every day in his own house, and receives Communion several times each week. I remember how indignant he was when certain papers, published in Bilbao, were trying to show that he was indifferent towards religion. He has a beautiful crucifix, a statue of the Sacred Heart and a picture of Our Lady del Pilar in his office, which I often enter on account of my work. I myself heard him praying one day when the enemy were on the point of gaining a victory near Madrid; 'Sacred Heart of Jesus, save us! Virgin most holy, my Mother, keep them, defend them! You are our captain!'"

### *Night Prayer*

The following night-prayer has been an old traditional one for many centuries in some countries:

Before I lay me down to rest  
I raise my heart, O God, to Thee.  
For gifts with which I have been blessed  
I give Thee thanks most fervently.  
O Mary Dearest, Mother mine,  
Make my heart as pure as thine;  
May Thy cross, O Lord, still guide me,  
In Thy Sacred Wounds e'er hide me.  
Thus I sleep, all chaste and pure,  
From all evil aims secure. Amen.

## PORTRAIT OF A BATTLE

The following stark statements of fact are taken from the diary kept by Brother Herman J. Schlund, S.M., a Missionary at Tsinan-Hungkialou, while the city was being bombarded and finally taken by the Japanese. Little imagination is needed to picture to oneself the actual scenes so factually and simply told.

*Sept. 28.* Soldiers are barracked in the minor seminary. Conditions seem grave. There are all sorts of wild rumors about the advance of the Japanese on Tsinan. The Government has forbidden the Church bells to be rung and at night all lights must be extinguished. All precautions are to be taken against air raids.

*Oct. 1.* All schools are closed. There is intense military activity in the neighborhood.

*Oct. 2.* The German consul advises those who can to leave the city which will, he believes, shortly be the site of a major battle. Bishop Jarre advises the Brothers to leave the school until the trouble is over. The Brothers, after consideration, believe it better to remain and do whatever good can be done under present disturbed conditions as well as to protect the property.

*Oct. 4.* News of the rapid advance of the Japanese to the Yellow River brings more refugees to the school. All vacant rooms are now filled with people.

*Oct. 15.* The sound of distant cannon fire is heard distinctly for the first time. Although there have been numerous alarms, no bombs have been dropped near Tsinan up to the present time.

*Nov. 12.* Severe bombing of positions near here brings more refugees.

*Nov. 15.* During the day there is constant bombing and cannon fire. Rumors floated that the Japanese are close to the Yellow River.

*Nov. 16.* Early this morning everyone was awakened by a terrific explosion when the Yellow River Bridge was sprung to prevent the Japanese soldiers from crossing. The roads leading out of Tsinan are crowded with refugees. Our place, somehow, manages to find more room for many more refugees. In some rooms there are several families, complete strangers to each other, living together. The school presents a unique appearance, with children running about and people of all kinds coming with all their possessions.

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*Nov. 17.* Cannons are set up near Hwa Shen and are active from about 4 till 7 p.m. The din was terrific. Several windows were cracked.

*Nov. 22.* Hwang T'ai Slatin is shelled. The house shook with every explosion as the shells landed.

*Nov. 24.* A letter is received from the American consul in Tsinan saying that if we wish to leave we had better do so quickly. . . . Several places close to the mission were severely shelled. Still more refugees came. There are over 375 in our school compound now. In the entire mission over 1,200.

*Dec. 9.* Brother McCoy narrowly escaped being killed today. While walking along the cemetery road a Japanese plane made its appearance overhead. He suddenly found himself in line with the Chinese anti-aircraft guns. Several bullets whizzed by his head. He was forced to take refuge on the ground near the wall of the cemetery.

*Dec. 20.* Word is again received from the consulate advising us to leave. We replied by declaring our intention to remain.

*Dec. 24.* Today was very disturbing. Numerous planes were incessantly bombing surrounded localities and shells landed rather close to the mission. Midnight Mass was called off because of the danger due to the shelling.

*Dec. 25.* Christmas Day. Peace on earth! Shortly after daybreak Japanese planes in squadrons of fifty appeared in various sections and began severe bombing which continued throughout the day. Shelling was the most severe we have experienced. A large number of refugees came from surrounding villages. There was no room for these poor people but we could not turn them out on Christmas day. We allowed them to find room wherever they could on the stairs, the landings, the hallways, the veranda on to which our rooms open. They are lying in heaps everywhere, some with very little to cover them in the bitter cold night. Large fires in Tsinan light up the sky in several places. This is a sign that the Chinese are retreating.

*Dec. 26.* On rising this morning, the Brothers were greeted with terrific explosions which came from the direction of Tsinan. More fires were blazing and the whole city seemed on fire. More refugees arrive. It is practically impossible to control the sanitary conditions. It is estimated that there must be nearly 5,000 people in the mission. A battery was set up in the small cemetery, next to the sisters school. The Blessed Sacrament was removed and the Chapel turned over to the

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refugees. Several other changes make it possible to give better accommodations to some of the refugees sleeping in the open. Everything is in the height of confusion. More bombing and shelling. In the evening the Brothers were kept within the monastery because there was a rain of bullets which whizzed past the entrance and struck several trees in the garden. Heavy machine gun and rifle fire continue for some time in the night. Cavalry rode past in the darkness. It is impossible to say whether they are Chinese or Japanese. . . . Everything is perfectly still now. The city is still burning.

*Dec. 27.* The fields all around, the roads and lanes leading from the city are strewn with ammunition, clothes, knives, swords, hand grenades, left behind by the retreating Chinese troops. In front of the School the Brothers found several cases of cartridges and hand grenades. Refugees are still massed like sardines everywhere. It was quite cold.

*Dec. 28.* Japanese planes are flying low and dropping literature.

*Dec. 29.* The refugees are so frightened they do not seem inclined to leave. Now it is mostly fear of the Japanese soldiers because of wild rumors which are spread about. We find the Japanese very friendly and not molesting anyone.

### — NOTHING NEW —

A recently published book under the title "So You Think It's New" challenges the boasters of modern progress and invention. Here are some of the things called decidedly modern that were in use thousands of years ago:

The Greeks had a spinning device to give pictures the illusion of motion.

An Alexandrian scientist invented a machine for the continuous shooting of arrows—the first machine-gun.

The Egyptians used inoculation for small-pox four thousand years before Pasteur.

The Circus Maximus (stadium) in Rome could seat 320,000 persons and could be emptied in ten minutes, which latter feature has not yet been approached by modern football stadiums.

Girls in Roman society put red enamel on their finger-nails.

A bathtub dating back to the time of Helen of Troy is practically a photographic reproduction of a modern one.

*Quadragesimo Anno*  
**THE ENCYCLICAL: THE FORTIETH YEAR**  
*Translation and Comment by R. J. MILLER*

No. 2. REMEDIES.

a) *Economic Life Animated by Christian Principles.*

As long as this sad ruin of souls goes on, every effort to regenerate society will be vain. No remedy will prove to be of any use unless men make an open and sincere return to the teachings of the Gospel: that is, to the teachings and the precepts of the only One Who has the words of life eternal, words which stand forever, even when Heaven and earth shall pass away. All those possessed of any real familiarity with social matters are unanimous in urging what they call a "rationalization" of business, such as will re-establish order in economic life. We, too, most heartily desire this order, and are willing to do everything We can to see it realized; but at the same time We declare that it will be imperfect and defective in every way, unless the wondrous unity of God's own plan be taken as the inspiration, and, as far as possible, the actual working plan on which the collaboration of the various activities of men will all be based, and go ahead in friendly harmony. This is that perfect order which the Church so ringingly proclaims, and which right reason urgently demands. It consists in this: that God be taken as the first and highest end of all created effort, to Whom all things are to be directed; and that under God, every single good thing of this earth be taken only as a means or instrument, to be used just insofar as it will help in the attainment of this highest end. Nor should it be imagined that in such a system, profitable occupations will lose

**Introduction:  
Return to  
Gospel**

**How Animate  
Economic Life  
with Christian  
Principles**

**Objections  
Answered:  
About  
Profit Motive**

**About  
Getting Rich**

**Good Results  
of Divine  
Plan**

their value, or be considered as beneath the dignity of human beings. On the contrary, we are taught to recognize with reverence in these occupations the unmistakable will of God the Creator, Who placed man on the earth to work it and to use it for his many various needs. Nor are those who have a part in the production of new goods forbidden to increase their own wealth in any fair and honest way; indeed, it is only right that those who render service to society at large, and make it wealthier, should get a share, according to their merit, in the increased wealth of the community, — provided always, that the way in which they seek to make their fortune be in harmony with God's law and others' rights, and that the way in which they use it be according to what faith and right reason prescribe. If everywhere throughout the world these principles were to be consistently observed, then surely it would not be long before the production and acquisition of earthly goods, and especially the manner of their use — frequently so reckless and excessive nowadays — would be brought back within the bounds of fair and honest distribution. In the same way, sordid greed and selfishness, which is the crying sin and shame of this our modern age, would be combated in a genuinely effective manner: namely, by the gentle but supremely forceful law of Christian moderation, which teaches man to seek first God's king-

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dom and His justice; but gives him at the same time certain knowledge that in the full measure of his need of temporal goods, they also, by God's liberality and His certain promise, will be added unto him.

### b) *The Role of Charity.*

In effecting these reforms, however, the leading part is always to be taken by the law of charity, "which is the bond of perfection." How utterly mistaken are those short-sighted reformers who spend their energies working only for the reign of justice—and that, too, justice of the strictest kind—and loftily disdain the helping hand of charity! We fully grant that charity cannot supply for justice

#### **What Charity Cannot Do**

strictly due and wrongfully withheld. Still, even in the supposition of a state of things in which everyone is getting all that is his due, there always will remain a wide and ample field of charity.

Justice alone may well be able to remove the causes and the roots of social strife; but, however faithfully observed, it can never bring men to be of one heart and

#### **Necessity of Charity**

mind. Yet this unity of heart and mind, binding men together into one, is the very first support and strength of any plan for the establishment of peace and mutual co-operation among men, regardless of however perfect such a plan may otherwise appear. Without this unity, as everyday experience shows, the very best laid plans and programs come to naught. It follows, then, that there will be no genuine collaboration

#### **In What Charity Consists**

of all men for the common good until the various classes of society get the profound and intimate conviction that they are all but members of a single mighty family, and children of the same

Heavenly Father; indeed, that they form one body in Christ, "everyone members one of another," so that "if one member suffer anything, all the members suffer with it." For then the wealthy, and the upper classes generally, instead of the

#### **Resultant Conduct of Rich**

indifference felt hitherto towards their poorer brethren, will give them proofs of a solicitous and active love; listening with kindly sympathy to their just complaints, and overlooking readily the faults and errors which they may commit. As for the working-

men, they will honestly renounce all sentiments of hate and envy—so often cunningly abused by those who seek to stir up social strife—and will not only cease

#### **Resultant Conduct of Workers**

to be dissatisfied with the place allotted to them in human society by the Providence of God, but will be even proud of it. For their firm conviction will be that in working as they do, each one at his proper trade or task, they are making a real, definite, and

honorable contribution to the common good, and following in the footsteps of the One Who, being in the form of God, chose to become a carpenter among men, and to be known as the carpenter's Son.

### QUESTIONS ABOUT "THE FORTIETH YEAR"

*In this section on "Remedies," what does Pius XI do?*

In the previous section he had described the "chief evil" of the modern business world: namely, the fact that in many points, the accepted business procedure amounts to an *occasion of sin* and, consequently, an occasion of the *loss of immortal souls*; here he gives the remedies for this evil. In particular, after a short introduction on the necessity of a return to the teachings of the Gospel, he points out two general remedies: *first*, animating economic life by Christian principles; and *second*, applying the law of charity.



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*Will these remedies have only the effect of keeping men out of the occasions of sin, and helping them to save their souls?*

No: as is evident from what the Pope says, they will also keep men out of economic troubles and depressions, and help them to attain economic prosperity.

*What particular "words" of Christ are referred to in the introduction?*

Perhaps the most significant for this matter are these: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." As to how this seeking of the kingdom of God in economic matters is to be done in particular, perhaps "*Rerum Novarum*" gives the best summary, under the headings: "Teaching, Precepts, Institutions of the Church."

*How do the words of Christ "stand forever"?*

This is an answer to the frequent objection that "Christianity has failed"; it has not failed, because it has not been tried in the modern world; it stands ever ready to be tried, and ever able to regenerate society if tried.

*Speaking of the remedy of "animating economic life by Christian principles," what does Pius XI do?*

Three things: first, shows how economic life can be thus animated; secondly, answers two objections; and thirdly shows the results of such Christian animation of economic life.

*Just how according to the Pope is this animating of economic life with Christian principles to take place?*

The Pope says, first, that there should be a "rationalization" of economic life; and secondly, that this must necessarily be based on the divine plan.

*What is this "rationalization"?*

This is a term first used by German economic writers after the World War; according to them, it meant efficiency and good management in economic life: as the Pope uses it here, it would seem to mean the setting up of codes of fair competition, and proper government regulation of stock exchanges, of corporations, of advertising methods, etc. — as called for by some of the specific evils described in the previous section.

*Speaking of the "divine plan," what does Pius XI do?*

Three things: first, states the necessity in general of basing economic life upon it; secondly, states that the Church and right reason demand it; and thirdly, shows in what it consists.

*What in general is this "divine plan"?*

It is God's will for man in regard to economic matters: what God wants them to think about the things of this world; how He wants them to act about them; and the means He wants them to use in order to be able to think and act in this way. In other words, this "divine plan" is what is outlined in the "teachings, precepts and institutions" of the Church as laid down, or "ringingly proclaimed," by Leo XIII in "*Rerum Novarum*" and developed by Pius XI in "*The Fortieth Year*."

*How does right reason urgently demand the following of this divine plan?*

Because right reason, even without revelation, shows that there is a Supreme Lord and Lawgiver of the world, whose will must be followed in all worldly activities if men are to achieve even material success.

*What are the two objections which Pius XI answers here?*

The first one is this: "What becomes of the profit motive as a business incentive in this "divine plan"? The second is: "Will it not be wrong to try to get rich under this divine plan?"

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### *How does the Pope answer the first objection?*

By showing that the very reason why the Creator put men on earth was to work it for their own needs, advantage, or profit.

### *What is noteworthy here?*

Two things: *first*, the reference which the Pope is evidently making to the Holy Bible—Genesis 1/28,—where God said to Adam and Eve: "Increase and multiply, and fill the earth, and subdue it, etc." And *secondly*, the connection between this explanation of the profit motive, and the Pope's doctrine given above in the section on private property, about the individual aspect of private property; namely, that it is given to man by nature, or the Creator Himself, in order that men might have a way of *providing for themselves and their families*, as well as helping along the general welfare in an orderly manner.

### *How does he answer the second objection?*

By showing that it is not wrong, but right, that those who help make the country wealthier should become wealthier themselves.

### *What is noteworthy here?*

Two things: *first*, the connection between this and what Leo XIII says in "Rerum Novarum" about the workingmen, namely, that their "manual labor is the only source from which the wealth of nations is derived," and that hence the workingman has a special claim on the good things which the community supplies. The *second* noteworthy thing is this: that Pius XI here makes a distinction between the *acquisition* and the *use* of property, just as he did above when speaking about the obligations connected with property.

### *What good results does Pius XI declare will follow upon the adoption of this divine plan?*

Two main ones: *first*, instead of the present unequal distribution of property, there will be a system of "share the wealth," both in the way in which it is acquired and in the way it is used; and *secondly*, instead of greed, the standard by which men will measure their need of earthly goods will be God's will, as manifested in the "law of Christian moderation."

### *How will there be a true system of "share the wealth" if men follow the divine plan?*

Note again the distinction between the acquisition and the use of property. As regards God's plan for sharing new wealth in its very *acquisition*, Pius XI has already developed this point in the sections on Capital and Labor, the Lot of the Proletariat, and a Just Wage. As regards God's plan for sharing the wealth in the manner of its *use*, he has spoken of this in the section on the Obligations Connected with Superfluous Income.

### *Speaking of "the role of charity," what does Pius XI do?*

After a brief introduction, he does five things: *first*, tells what charity cannot do; *secondly*, shows how necessary it is; *thirdly*, shows in what it consists; *fourthly*, shows what results its observance will have on the conduct of the rich; and *fifthly*, what results its observance will have on the conduct of the workingmen.

### *Just what is the meaning of "charity" here?*

The point to be emphasized is that it is *not* what people usually associate with the word "charity"; that is, it is not a kind of lofty and complacent bestowal of alms upon the poor, but, on the contrary, a "profound and intimate conviction"

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that all, rich and poor alike, are brethren in one and the same human family, together with a manner of acting based on this conviction.

*What is it that "charity cannot do," according to the Pope?*

Two things: *first*, it "cannot supply for justice strictly due and wrongfully withheld"; that is, if workingmen are denied a just wage, or forced to labor under inhuman conditions, there can be no question of a family spirit between them and their employers; nor can works of philanthropy, such as the building of libraries, the support of "community chests," etc., make good for the denial of things like a living wage to the workingmen. *Secondly*, charity cannot "remove the causes and the roots of social strife" — such as this very denial of living wages and decent working hours and conditions for the workingmen.

*How does Pius XI show that charity is "necessary"?*

His doctrine may be put into this formula: "Justice first, charity always." And charity is always necessary, he says, for two reasons: *first*, because without it there will be no union of minds and hearts; that is, there will be only distrust, suspicion, envy, selfishness, which will always be likely to cause troubles; and *secondly*, because without it, as a matter of ordinary experience and observation, plans which seem otherwise very good, always fail.

*What is noteworthy here?*

The fact that the Pope is warning people against thinking that any plan whatever — complete unionization, as advocated by the C.I.O., or money reform as advocated by Fr. Coughlin, or even the formation of the corporative system advocated by the Pope himself — will succeed unless it is accompanied and animated by this spirit of brotherliness and charity.

*Is this family spirit, or spirit of charity and brotherliness, as described by the Pope, a hopeless ideal?*

Not at all; for there are actually some firms — such as the Nunn-Busch Shoe Co., or the Joslyn Manufacturing and Supply Co. — in which such a spirit actually reigns, and in which employers and workingmen actually seem to have the sentiments here described by the Pope.

### Cost of a Luxury

The editor of *Ratio Today* recently provided estimated figures of how much the radio cost the public during the year 1937. His figures are as follows:

Sale of time by broadcasters.....	\$125,000,000
Cost of talent (for programs).....	40,000,000
Electricity, batteries, etc., to operate	
31,000,000 radios .....	150,000,000
Cost of 7,700,000 radios sold in 1937..	450,000,000
Cost of 40,000,000 radio tubes.....	40,000,000
Cost of radio parts, supplies, etc.....	47,000,000
Cost of servicing radios.....	60,000,000

Total.....\$912,000,000

This total breaks down into \$35 per household for homes that have radio sets. In other words, the luxury of the radio costs about three dollars a month. Who thinks of that when complaining about other more necessary expenditures?

# ***Catholic Anecdotes***



## **"COMMANDING RESPECT"**

Marshall Foch, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces during the World war, was as noted for his Catholicism as for his courage. On one occasion he gave a striking example of both.

He was attending a banquet at which many prominent personages were present with him. Before sitting down at the table, he carefully and devoutly made the Sign of the Cross. As he did so, he noticed that a group of irreligious men down the table smiled their derision and spoke of it with merriment among themselves.

Without displaying any annoyance, the Marshall, who was in full uniform, drew the two pistols he carried at his belt, and laid them down beside his plate in view of all. Then he turned until he directly faced the mockers and again made the Sign of the Cross devoutly. This time there was silence and respect during his action.

There are those who mock religion only when they "can get away with it." When courage accompanies one's convictions, it usually commands respect.

## **FAST FOR A DAY**

The following anecdote happened on a mission in India:

It had been raining heavily for several days; the rivers were all swollen, and the people living around the mission were becoming worried about their fields and houses.

The priest, dead tired from the exertions of the day, was sleeping soundly, when he was suddenly awakened by one of the natives.

"Father, there are two feet of water in the village, and we are carrying our things to the hill nearby. You had better come with us."

"Oh, leave me alone," the priest murmured, still half asleep. "The water can't reach me here in my hammock, anyway. I am six feet from the floor."

But after some hours he was roused again by voices and by a rain of grass falling on his face from the roof of the hut. His hand, dangling on one side of the hammock, felt water.

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The noise outside went on. Through a hole in the roof, he finally saw familiar faces peering in. "You must get out, Father," someone said, "there is no time to lose."

The priest was very much awake by this time, and he was soon sitting on the roof of the hut, and then astride a huge tree, four or five men with rosaries around their necks swimming around him and pushing him towards one of the hills which the flood had not covered. The water swirled about him, and seemed at every moment about to capsize his craft, but at length they reach the spot of dry land, and were temporarily safe.

That whole day the people did not leave the missionary a moment, forgetting their own misfortune, and only concerned about him. One of the natives especially, named Frederick, and baptized only the previous evening, would not leave the priest. He had worked heroically to bring the Father to this place of safety; then he had thrown together some logs in the form of a raft to take him later to another village, and now he was sitting by, silently watching him like a faithful dog.

"Frederick, have you eaten your rice yet?"

"No, Father."

"Why don't you do so? It is getting late, and you must be very hungry."

"I'll eat it later."

"But why will you not eat now?" Then, as the boy looked more and more confused, "Come now, eat your dinner!"

"Father," the lad explained, "this morning the water had such a strong current that I was afraid we might not be able to get you to a place of safety; and . . . I promised God that I would fast today if we could save you."

## TOO LATE

Not long ago in one of our state prisons a young man was about to suffer the death penalty for a crime. At the door of his cell, his mother was waiting to bid him goodbye. The youth stood impassively, while she embraced and kissed him.

"Father," he said to the chaplain, when they had begun the dreary walk to the death-chamber, "do you know that that embrace was the first sign of affection ever shown me by my mother!"

# *Pointed Paragraphs*

## THE MARTYR MOTHER OF MAY

The month of May brings the Mother of God before us in a setting of joy. Spring is a part of that setting, with its gentle warmth and growing beauty and singing hearts. History adds to the joyous setting with its May games and May processions and May songs. And Mary herself brings joy to the heart, for she is the Beautiful One, and from childhood to old age beauty brings us joy.

All this should not overwhelm the remembrance of Mary's title as Mother of Sorrows and the powerful lesson it reveals. We have always believed that there are few mysteries in the relationship of the Blessed Mother to God more astounding than that of her suffering — until its one great lesson is learned. Only consider the following truths: To love means to wish one well — to wish nothing but happiness to the one beloved. God loved Mary, and God's love is infinite; therefore it was an infinite wish to make Mary happy. Yet He who wanted to and could have delivered Mary from all pain provided her with so much suffering that universally she is acclaimed as the "Mother of Sorrows."

Their is but one truth that reconciles these contradictions — that dissipates the mystery involved. God designed the mystery, set up the apparent contradiction, in order that this truth might be more sharply revealed. It is the truth that there is something more necessary than the fulfillment of even the infinite desire of God to make His Mother happy; and that something is suffering and pain, sacrifice and self-denial for man. God wanted men to say, in a spirit of child-like amazement: Look, even the Mother of God, who committed no sin, Whom God loved perfectly and perpetually, was given suffering to bear: that must be important — the most important thing for the salvation of man!

Yes, it is important: and Mary was made to share it, rather, to bear all possible human suffering, because she was to be the Mother of men, and so should walk the path they were destined to go. Only on the grounds that suffering and sacrifice are important and that Mary's relationship to men is the important one of motherhood, will anyone

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ever find a way to explain the contradiction that God who loved Mary perfectly, permitted her to be the perfect image of sorrow.

This is indeed a thought that should not be forgotten, even in the midst of the joyous setting in which Mary is honored in May. It should not be forgotten above all by mothers, who so often flinch from the sufferings involved in motherhood because they have not looked with amazement on the truth revealed by the union of the two titles in Mary, Mother of God and Mother of Sorrows; the truth that the world is saved by sorrow!

### ARE THEY SO WRONG?

We are happy to see a strong organization like the Catholic Daughters of America protesting against the glib conclusions offered by the *Ladies' Home Journal* to the effect that 51 per cent of the Catholic women in the country declared their belief in some form of birth prevention — without specifying whether natural or artificial. The conclusion was said to be based on a representative poll of individuals reaching six times as large a number as has been demanded by experts for a fair test of public opinion. The Supreme Regent of the Catholic Daughters of America protested that this organization, representing 200,000 Catholic women, had never been approached.

This puts the Catholic Daughters of America again on record as publicly decrying birth-prevention — in short, on record as a Catholic organization. Every other Catholic organization in the country would no doubt officially second their protest. However, between the official stand of Catholic organizations and the private practice of their individuals, there is often a wide margin of divergence.

We are not writing in support of the figures of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Nor are we impugning a single one of the 200,000 members of the Catholic Daughters of America. But we are wondering just what percentage of Catholic women is known to God as having decided on a program in wedded life contrary to His law.

It does not require a snooper to notice that families of more than two or three children are becoming more and more a rarity — especially among the more well-to-do classes of Catholics. It will not serve the cause of souls to deny that almost any druggist can give you a list of so-called and self-called Catholics who apply to him for instruments of birth-prevention. It is not pleasant, but not untrue that few doctors



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are without frequent experience of Catholics asking for birth-prevention advice if not for something worse.

The Ladies' Home Journal may be wrong in its conclusion about Catholics and birth-prevention. But we are not wrong in saying that there is a percentage, and not a small one, of Catholics that have *protested* like Luther and Henry VIII and many others against a law of God and by that have condemned themselves. Therefore for every bit of energy expended in convincing the outside world that Catholics condemn unnatural birth-prevention — at least as much energy should be expended within the fold to bring back those fallen away and to keep their numbers from growing. After all, the outside world knows that the Catholic Church officially looks upon unnatural birth-prevention as a sin against nature, and that makes the rebellion of some Catholics the greater scandal. It is these latter who should be the object of our campaigns.

## PRISON PRODUCT

Rather illogical and yet discomfoting were the words of the statement given out by a young man in Ohio just before he seated himself in the electric chair for execution a short time ago.

"Ohio," the statement read, "I am a product of your prisons. Who can blame me? The very fact that I hated these things shows that I was fundamentally decent. The robberies I committed outside were moral protests. I felt that society had treated me rottenly. I saw around me a lot of lucky indifferent people, outside of prison only by laws of chance. *If only I had had a single understanding friend when I was young, if my mother hadn't died, if my father had been a pal, with just a minimum chance I could have made a comfortable place for myself in the world.*"

This is not merely the whining of a cornered criminal. Beneath the hard, cynical words there is infinite truth especially in the italicized lines. A countless number of those who are in prison today — becoming hardened more and more through the years — could probably point back to the same beginnings of their downfall: lack of understanding and help from others: fathers or mothers who were anything but "pals," surroundings that gave them scarcely a chance.

We can and must stress the fact that every individual human being has free will and bears the ultimate responsibility for his actions.

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But that by no means lessens the guilt of those who by neglect of their essential duties towards others, especially the young, contribute to their downfall. God made men not only free, but dependent in great part on one another; they who shirk the obligations of that dependence shall, we believe, be given as bitter a condemnation as they who, left to themselves, walked evil ways.

It would be well for every father and mother to meditate on the words of this criminal about to die. How close are the bonds that bind them to their children? What would a child of theirs have to say about them if some day he were to walk to the electric chair?

### FOR JUSTICE AND CHARITY

The first national convocation of Catholic leaders to discuss the social and economic problems of the day from a Christian viewpoint is being held at Milwaukee during the first four days of the month of May. The theme of the entire program will be "A Christian Social Order—the Acme of Democracy."

Every noted clerical and lay leader in any field of sociology or economics has been invited to take part, and most of them have already accepted the invitation. These leaders will represent business, labor, government, finance, charity organizations, agriculture,—in short, every department of our national life. It is the aim of the conference to bring about the most thorough synthesis of Catholic thought on the whole social problem that has ever been given to the country.

The program is under the direction and supervision of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference with the co-operation of the School of Social Sciences at the Catholic University and the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems. It is under the patronage of His Excellency, Archbishop Samuel A. Stritch of Milwaukee. Two great mass meetings, Sunday evening, May 1st, and Tuesday evening, May 3rd, will be open to the public, at which speakers will make known what the Church has to offer in the way of a solution of the social problem and what the individual can do to apply the solution.

This is an event of rare timeliness and significance. It has often been said that if only Catholic leaders could get together, level off their differences, unite on the essentials of a program, their efforts would produce immeasurable results. This conference is the first step in that

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direction, and will no doubt be followed by others that will gradually close up the ranks of Catholics into a solid phalanx that will stand in defense of democracy and do battle with the forces that are making for so much unrest and suffering today.

When these lines are being read, the Social Action Conference will be in progress. We ask those who read them to pause and breathe a prayer that the blessing of God will attend every session of the program, and that His grace will support the efforts of Catholic leaders to show the world that its only hope lies in a Christian program of justice and charity.

### FOR THE CATHOLIC TRAVELLER

Catholic travellers, business men and women, tourists, pilgrims, convention delegates, men and women seeking jobs, and others, are often painfully disconcerted on coming into our cities because they cannot easily find a Catholic church. The city may be well supplied with Catholic churches, and they know this; but, where are these churches?

The stranger within our gates may want to attend Mass, to go to Confession, receive Holy Communion or perhaps, merely make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and so he begins asking. He asks the hotel clerk, the newsboy, the taxi driver, the boy at the soda fountain, or the policeman at the corner, and as frequently happens, he gets a vague, unsatisfactory, incomplete answer.

Then instinctively he picks up a 'phone book, but here's the rub: he does not know the names of our city's churches, nor does he know our pastors under whose names the parish telephone is very often listed. He puts the telephone book down as hopeless, but to his credit, let it be said, he will keep on looking until he finds one church.

Cannot we profit by the arrangement of the Classified Section? Is it too fond a hope to be realized that soon, under the word "Catholic" in the telephone books of each city in the country, we shall be able to find in alphabetical order, the names and addresses and telephone numbers of our Catholic churches?

When you are looking for some person or place you go to the telephone book. If the telephones of all the Catholic churches were there listed under the general caption "Catholic Churches," a wonderful accommodation would be furnished to Catholic travellers who are many, and a help given also to many souls hungry for the Word of God.

# ❖————— **LIGURIANA** —————❖

## **EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS**

### *ST. CYRIL, THE CHILD*

Feast: May 29.

St. Cyril was born at Caesarea, and, while yet a child, became a Christian, in consequence of which he was maltreated and finally turned out of doors by his idolatrous father. Information to this effect having been given to the judge, he caused Cyril to be

brought before him; and being told that the child frequently invoked the name of Jesus, he promised him that he would

effect a reconciliation with his father, on condition that he would never more pronounce that name. The holy child replied: "I am content to be turned out of my father's house, because I shall receive a more spacious mansion in heaven; nor do I fear death, because by it I shall acquire a better life." The judge, in order to frighten him, caused him to be bound and led, as it were, to the death, but gave private orders to the executioner not to injure him. He was accordingly brought before a great fire, and threatened to be thrown in; but being most willing to lay down his life, he was brought back to the judge, who said to him: "My child, thou hast seen the fire; cease then to be a Christian, that thou mayest return to thy father's house, and inherit thy estates." The saint replied; "I fear neither fire nor the sword; but I am desirous to have a dwelling more magnificent, and riches more lasting than those of my father! God will receive me. Do thou hasten to put

me to death, that I may quickly go to enjoy Him."

The bystanders wept to hear the child speak thus; but he observed: "You should not weep, but rather rejoice, and encourage me to suffer, in order that I may attain to the possession of that house which I so ardently desire." Remaining constant in these sentiments, he joyfully suffered martyrdom.

### *ST. DIONYSIA, VIRGIN, with STS.*

*ANDREW AND PAUL*

Feast: May 15.

It is recorded by Fleury, that in the third century, at Lampsacus, a city in Lesser Asia, there were presented to Optimus, the proconsul, three Christians — Andrew, Paul, and Nicomachus. Being asked to what country they belonged, Nicomachus, first of all, raising his voice, answered: "I am a Christian." The proconsul having repeated the question to the other two, they also replied: "We likewise are Christians."

Optimus then, turning to Nicomachus, ordered him to sacrifice in obedience to the emperor; but he replied: "Thou art already aware that a Christian cannot sacrifice to demons." The proconsul had him so cruelly tortured that he was about to expire, when, his courage failing him, the wretched man exclaimed: "I am no longer a Christian; I will willingly sacrifice to the gods." He was quickly withdrawn from the torture, but was instantly possessed by a devil, and violently casting himself upon the earth, bit off his tongue and expired.

St. Dionysia, a young virgin only sixteen years of age, having witnessed this spectacle and being deeply penetrated by the misfortune of Nicomachus, exclaimed: "O miserable wretch! by not having suffered a moment longer, thou hast condemned thyself to eternal pains!" The proconsul hearing these words caused her to be dragged from out the crowd and asked her if she were a Christian. "Yes," she replied, "I am a Christian, and therefore weep for that unhappy man, who, by suffering a little more, might have earned heaven for himself, whereas he will now weep for all eternity." The proconsul, enraged at these words, exclaimed: "Instantly thou shalt sacrifice to the gods, or thou shalt be ignominiously treated and afterwards burned alive." Dionysia answered: "My God is greater than thou, wherefore I fear not thy threats; He will grant me strength to suffer every torment for His love." Optimus then delivered her to two young libertines who brought her to a house; but there appeared a youth surrounded with a supernatural splendor who was ready to defend her from insult, whereupon the young men cast themselves at her feet and implored her intercession in their behalf.

On the following morning the proconsul summoned before him Andrew and Paul, who had been kept in prison, and called upon them to sacrifice to Diana. They both replied: "We know not Diana nor the other demons whom you adore; we worship the only God." At these words the crowd of idolaters called upon the proconsul to leave the execution of the two saints to themselves; and he ac-

cordingly delivered them up to be stoned by the multitude. The saints were tied and dragged by the feet through the streets to the place of execution.

While they were being stoned, Dionysia escaped from the guard and repairing to the place threw herself upon the martyrs exclaiming: "To live with you in heaven, I will die with you upon earth." The proconsul upon hearing this ordered her head to be struck off; and this was accordingly done.

#### PRAYER TO THE HOLY MARTYRS

O ye blessed Princes of the heavenly kingdom! ye who sacrificed to the Almighty God the honors, the riches, and possessions of this life, and have received in return the unfading glory and never-ending joys of heaven! ye who are secure in the everlasting possession of the brilliant crown of glory which your sufferings have obtained!—look with compassionate regard upon our wretched state in this valley of tears, where we groan in the uncertainty of what may be our eternal destiny. And from that divine Saviour, for whom you suffered so many torments, and who now repays you with unspeakable glory, obtain for us that we may love Him with all our heart, and receive in return the grace of perfect resignation under the trials of this life, fortitude under the temptations of the enemy, and perseverance to the end. May your powerful intercession obtain for us that we may one day in your blessed company sing the praises of the Eternal, and, even as you now do, face to face, enjoy the beatitude of His vision!

# Book Reviews

## RELIGION

*The Cross and the Crisis.* By Fulton J. Sheen. Published by Bruce, Milwaukee. Pages xi and 219. Price: \$2.00 net.

Msgr. Sheen in this, his latest work, has undertaken and admirably fulfilled a difficult task. In ten vigorous essays, he describes the decay of our modern civilization, which began with the Reformation, and which now, as it seems, is reaching its final stages. Civilization, like the prodigal son in the parable, has reached the stage of realizing the misery which it has brought on itself; the question now is: will it have the humility and courage to return to its father's house—which is, of course, the Catholic Church. What the modern world must do, in line with what the prodigal son did, is set forth most convincingly.

We say that the book fills a pressing need because 1) although the subject is naturally a profound one, Msgr. Sheen brings it within the reach of anyone with an ordinary education by his popular method of treatment; 2) he constantly puts the stress where it should be, on the moral causes of the imminent ruin of our civilization, and the necessity of a spiritual reform if we are to stave off that ruin. For these reasons, we recommend the book highly to all thinking Catholics. — R. E. G.

## PAMPHLETS

*My Spanish Adventure.* By John Sheahan Connelley. Published by Social Forum Press, Toronto, Canada. 52 pages and cover. Price: 10c; \$1.00 per dozen; \$7.00 per 100 (Postage extra).

John Sheahan Connelley, 25 years of age, Editor of *The Social Forum* (Canada's only Catholic labor paper) wanted to go to Spain to see for himself. He had to cut His British Majesty's red tape, French republican red tape, and Spanish Nationalist red tape to get there. He got in and safely out again. In fact, he was the first English-speaking journalist to be given the privilege of going freely and without escort, civil or military, anywhere and everywhere within

*Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinions of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.*

Gen. Franco's territory. He looked down upon Madrid from behind sandbags on the Nationalist front line; he was with the troops besieging Bilbao; he was in Toledo, when it

was under attack; he had to take shelter in a cellar of the Alcazar when it was bombed again. What he saw, he reports; what impressions were made on him by people and officials, civilians and soldiers, he describes. When he discusses briefly the case of Guernica — was it destroyed by Franco's bombers or was it dynamited and burned by the retreating Reds — he presents his facts. He had no set plan, no carefully arranged tour when he went to Spain: but he went whenever and wherever he had the opportunity. The simplicity and straightforwardness of his narrative is internal proof of its veracity which, if one is so inclined, can be checked against the names and dates and places that he cites. Here is first-hand information on the struggle of a nation in defense of home and altar. — M. S. B.

*Some Spiritual Problems of College Students.* By Rev. Maurice S. Sheehy, Ph.D. 40 pages. Price: 15c postpaid; \$5.50 per 100.

*God and Governments.* By Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S.J. 48 pages. Price: 15c postpaid; \$5.50 per 100.

*Saints vs. Kings.* By Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P. 96 pages. Price: 25c postpaid; \$10.00 per 100. All published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind.

The three pamphlets included in this review hardly stand in need of commendation, much less of condemnation. Their contents were first submitted to one of the most critical of reviewers — the radio public. Now they are presented in a permanent form. They are the addresses delivered in the Catholic Hour, produced by the National Council of Catholic Men, through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company and associated stations, from September 5 to December 27, 1937. The first contains four addresses; the second, five; and the



third, eight. Here is strong meat and drink for minds that can digest it; not mere pastry or empty foam that tickles and pleases an effeminate taste, yet neither satisfies nor strengthens. The content of these pamphlets is sufficiently known and it is not necessary to outline them here.

Of interest both to individuals and libraries, is the special offer made by Our Sunday Visitor Press, authorized publisher of all CATHOLIC HOUR addresses, of a full set—68 pamphlets—of all the addresses delivered to date and including the three cited above for \$9.00 postpaid, to one address.—M. S. B.

### POETRY

*Songs of Immolation.* By Sister Marie Emmanuel, S.C. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. 82 pages.

There is a close relationship between prayer and poetry. As poetry rises, it approaches vision—vision of things in their complete reality; as prayer rises it becomes contemplation or vision of God and all things in Him, the only source of whatever reality they have.

And this is the distinctive note, it seems to me, of Sister Marie Emmanuel's poems—vision. One almost forgets the words for the things seen. And yet when one stops, as it were on the upward flight, to look at the vesture of words she has woven to make us see the things—one cannot help wondering at the grace and facility she displays. They are not mere words; not mere verse forms—they are the faces of things.

I should have said the Thing—for all things are seen in God and God in all.

In our poetry of today, our Sisters are taking a very front place. Sister Madaleva has set a pace; Sister Marie Emmanuel is a worthy member of this Sisterhood of Song. Some of the poems I should rank among the best I know—for instance: Communion Time, Christmas Greetings, and Heart Hermitage.—A. T. Z.

### RELIGION

*Mary, the Mother of Jesus.* By the Rev. Franz Michel Willam. Translated by the Rev. Frederic Eckhoff. Published by Herder. 352 pages. Price, \$3.00.

It is a difficult thing for most people to visualize with any accuracy the actual scenes in which the Blessed Mother took part. The words of Holy Scripture are so sparse and undescriptive, parallel rec-

ords are so few and general, that the imagination has scarcely any clues around which mental pictures may be built. The only means whereby the words of Sacred Scripture can be filled out is through the findings of archeology, which is the science of ancient customs, manners, institutions and practices. It is so exhaustive and laborious a study that few have time to acquire more than a rudimentary knowledge of it. Yet here we have a life of the Blessed Mother in which an authoritative application of the findings of archeology is made to the scenes and events in her life. Every incident recorded in the Bible is presented against the background of the social, religious and family customs of the time. Moreover the theological principles involved are brought out with clarity and force. It has often been bewailed that there are few "lives of the Blessed Mother"—few because hers is so difficult a life to write. Here the most is made of authentic records and research, and so the book will stand near the head of those that give a factual presentation of her life.—D. F. M.

### SOCIOLOGY

*The Local Industrial Guild—A Beginning Anew.* By Edward A. Koch. Pamphlet. 35 pages. 10 cents; 12 for \$1.00.

Mr. Koch advocates in this pamphlet the realization of the Papal ideal of "industrial guilds"; although it seems to this reviewer that the better name for them would be "orders." As to the manner of their formation, he says "that means beginning anew." He is very distrustful of the present day labor union, because it so frequently is used only as an instrument of class war. To "begin anew," however, would seem a more difficult thing than to base the formation of the guilds—or the "orders"—on the existing unions—"the existing institutions," as the Pope says; which could be done by educating Catholic working men in their rights and duties, urging them to join the unions, and so to animate them with this right spirit. In speaking of restrictions on the property right, Mr. Koch fails to make the important distinction given—and even prescribed—by the Pope, between restrictions on the property right itself, and restrictions on the use of property. The pamphlet, however, is packed with worthwhile thought, and is a real contribution to Catholic social action.—R. J. M.





## Catholic Comment



*This column is intended to bring out the human interest elements in news events of the month as well as in personal experiences. Readers are also invited to express their Catholic comments here. Address communications to "Catholic Comment," THE LIGURIAN, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.*

For the month of June, the Holy Father has designated that the intention to which the Society for the Propagation of the Faith should direct the zeal and prayers of the faithful be "that Catholic Missions may be multiplied among the negroes of the United States." This is a cause as worthy as that of any heathen or pagan country. Of the 13,000,000 negroes in the United States only 250,000 are Catholic. While there are almost 30,000 priests in the country, only 300 are working exclusively for negroes. This means that though the negroes represent 10 per cent of our population, only one per cent of our priests are laboring for their souls. There are only 221 Catholic churches for negroes and 263 schools. Yet no mission field is more fruitful. Negro conversions are ten times the number of white conversions in the United States, both in proportion to population and to the number of priests working among the two races. Too many people talk about or look upon the negro as a problem or a menace; whatever he is the white man has made him; and now only bringing him the blessings of the Faith can the white man atone for his sin. Pray for this cause and work for it.

Of all the thinly veiled publicity stunts for which America is famous none has surpassed the gynecological exhibitionism used by *Life* magazine last month. To see through the aura of sociological importance thrown around the obstetrical pictures that were published one has only to consider the facts: *Life* is a magazine that appeals mainly to children, or their equivalent in mentality if not in age, for all its pretense of high intellectuality and sophistication. There is no method known to advertisers more successful in getting a publication talked about than to use its pages for something that will shock those for whom it is written. (Consult the history of yellow journalism.) However, this must be done under the guise of some social service if respectability is to be maintained; therefore the refined letter which *Life* sent to all its subscribers before issuing the copy in question, in which parents were advised that if they desired, they could tear out the clinical pictures before letting the children see them. (With several hundred thousand copies spread about the country, the child would have to be a hermit who would not have the opportunity of seeing them). The results follow infallibly: wide publicity, public condemnations, indignant protests—and lots of new readers. Cannot Catholics who recognize decency and propriety and their opposites reverse the process and cut down the following of such a publication?

In a truly sincere and almost heartrending plea, the *Jewish Advocate* of Boston recently begged the Holy Father to rally all faiths into a united front against the ungodly present-day enemies of civilization. "Your holiness," says the editorial, "the Jews of the world stand ready to join with any force which will arise to lead our civilization back to sane thinking. A great figure is needed as a rallying

## THE LIGUORIAN

point around which may gather all elements of religion, faith and democracy. . . . Your Holiness, speak out to the world in protest and condemnation and rally the faithful of the Roman Catholic Church to an unyielding and open opposition to the tyrannical dictatorship whether under the red flag or the brown." In that strain the appeal runs on to some length. We wonder where the writer has been these past several years. The Holy Father might answer him in the words of Our Lord in the Improperia of Good Friday: "What more is there that I should have done and have not done?" Or, as comments the editor of the *Tidings*: "Funny world, isn't it? Here is Pope Pius XI, who owes his pre-eminence to religious leadership, and all the world seems aching to accept his leadership in everything except religion! People want him to lead our civilization back to sane thinking in everything except religion." Impossible to do the one without the other, and that is why he has been trying in vain.

A well-deserved word of praise was given recently to the Catholic women of the country for their accomplishments in the fields of Catholic Action by His Excellency, the Most Rev. Amleto Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States. "It is a consoling thing," he said, "to see how much the Catholic women of the country accomplished in every field of Catholic Action, both through the organizations of which they are members and by the good example which they give personally." There can hardly be doubt that the women of this country are far ahead of the men in works of zeal and promotion for the Church: it is sad to go about and see the apathy and lack of interest among Catholic men even when opportunities for Catholic Action are thrust under their noses. The time is ripe for a resurgence of faith and zeal among Catholic men.

Wide interest will no doubt be shown in the new series of addresses on the Catholic Hour Radio program, recently announced. The title of the series will be "In Defense of Chastity," and the speaker, the Rev. Felix M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap., who has distinguished himself by writings on kindred topics. One might doubt the appropriateness of the word "defense" in the title of the series; it is open to the wrong interpretation that there is something fundamentally controvertible about the law of chastity. However, there can be no doubt that chastity does need to be defended today against the principles of license, the practitioners of lust, the purveyors of smut and the protagonists of birth-prevention that are abroad. The series will be not a defense of chastity, but a triumph for chastity, for it will demonstrate to many people what they did not know—that chastity is sanity and salvation.

One does not wonder why there is so much pro-Spanish-Loyalist sentiment in this country (even though the Loyalists stand for everything that is contrary to American principles) when substantiated charges like the following are made: that the Spanish Embassy at Washington has spent more than \$15,000,000 on propaganda among the American people. The charge is made by Dr. Joseph B. Code of the Catholic University, and is based on a detailed report of Captain John Kelly, a Presbyterian, who is ready to give proof in any court of law. Moreover he reveals that this propaganda is mailed and circulated at the expense of the American people themselves, being sent forth under the franking privilege of the Spanish Embassy. We might not mind being poisoned; but we hate to have it done at our own expense.

## Lucid Intervals

In a church, at the font, her small brother was being christened.

Little Girl—"Behind his ears, too, Reverend Smyth!"

\*

A young man was doing his own shopping. He said to the pretty girl behind the draper's counter: "I want a pillow case, please."

"Yes," said the girl. "What size?"

The young man looked awkward.

"Why—er—I'm not sure," he said, "but I take a 6 $\frac{3}{4}$  hat!"

\*

"Mistah drug-store man, Ah wants one ob dem dere plasters yo' stick on yo' back."

"I understand. You mean one of our porous plasters."

"No, suh, Ah don't want none ob yo' porous plasters. Ah wants de best one yo' got."

\*

A patent medicine manufacturing company received the following letter from a satisfied customer:

"I am very much pleased with your remedy. I had a wart on my chest, and after using six bottles of your medicine, it moved to my neck, and now I use it for a collar button."

\*

"Hello! Is this the city bridge department?"

"Yes. What can we do for you?"

"How many points do you get for a little slam?"

\*

Junk Man—Any old beer bottles you'd like to sell, lady?

Old Maid—Do I look as though I drank beer?

Junk Man—Any vinegar bottles you'd like to sell?

\*

1st Nut—Guess what I have in my hand.

2nd Ditto—A fly.

1st—Nope, no fly.

2nd—A mosquito.

1st—Nope, no mosquito.

2nd—An elephant.

1st—What color?

Government Examiner: "How did you come to mark this man's paper 101 per cent? Don't you know that nothing can be more perfect than 100 per cent?"

New Assistant: "Yes, but this man answered one question we didn't ask."

\*

He flew through the air,

With the greatest of ease.

But the funny part was,

He forgot his trapeze.

\*

A visitor called at a doctor's house.

"Is your father at home, dear?" he asked the doctor's small daughter.

"No, he's out giving an anaesthetic."

"An anaesthetic! That's a big word.

What does it mean?"

"Ten dollars," was the reply.

\*

"You look sweet enough to eat.

He whispered soft and low.

"I do," the fair one answered,

"Where do you want to go?"

\*

Slightly Inebriated (to girl on Broadway): "Do you speak to strangers on the street?"

Sweet Little Dove: "Oh, no."

Slightly Inebriated: "Well, then, shut up!"

\*

"Conductor, help me off the train?"

"Sure."

"You see, I'm stout, and have to get off the train backwards, the porter thinks I'm getting on and gives me a shove on again. I'm five stations past my destination now!"

\*

Joe—So McNulty lost out when he tried to prove his argument that a good half-back could run across a street safely during heavy traffic?

Team Mate—Yeah, he didn't have a leg to stand on.

\*

Mother: I'm so glad you're all right, Joseph, my son. Here, drink this hot lemonade. Then we'll pour you a hot bath.

Joe: But mother, if I drink this lemonade, I won't have any room for the bath!

# Redemptorist Scholarships

A Redemptorist scholarship or bursar is a fund of \$5,000 whose interest serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary forever. Below is the list of incomplete Bursas. Sums large or small may be given, and each donor is included in the daily Masses, Holy Communion and special prayers offered up by all Redemptorist students.

Supporting candidates for the priesthood has always been a favorite work among Catholics.

By this, families in which no child has received an actual vocation may adopt a priest as their own.

By this, they make themselves sharers in all the labors of the priest whom they have aided.

By this they take an active part in perpetuating the Church of Christ.

Married Ladies Bursar, St. Louis, Mo.,		
Rock Church .....	\$2,741.66	
Vener. Bishop Neumann Bursar.....	4,626.00	
Sacred Heart Promoters' Bursar...\$4,990.57		
League Promoters of the Rock		
Church .....	9.43	3,000.00
St. Joseph's Bursar.....		1,712.00
St. Francis Assisi Bursar.....		2,907.50
Little Flower Bursar.....		3,004.50
St. Anne's Bursar.....		657.00
St. Jude's Bursar.....		271.00
St. Rita's Bursar.....		517.00
St. Thomas Apostle Bursar.....		241.00
St. Gerard's Bursar.....		533.00
St. Peter's Bursar.....		247.25
Holy Family Bursar.....		29.50
St. Anthony's Bursar.....		417.00
Mary Goeckel Bursar.....		12.00
Rev. Nicholas Franz, C.Ss.R.,		
Memorial Bursar .....	\$1,118.00	
Anonymous .....	5.50	1,135.50
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Bursar.....		1,007.94
St. Alphonsus Bursar.....		535.00
Holy Redeemer Bursar.....		500.00

# Motion Picture Guide

**THE PLEDGE:** *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

## Reviewed This Week

Four Men and a Prayer  
Lady in the Morgue  
Moonlight Sonata  
Outlaws of Sonora  
Rolling Caravans  
Under Western Stars

## Previously Reviewed

Adventures of Chico  
Adventures of Tom Sawyer  
Adventure's End  
Adventurous Blonde, The  
All-American Sweetheart  
All Over Town  
Atlantic Flight  
Arsene Lupin Returns  
Arson Game Busters  
Barrier, The  
Bar 20 Justice  
Beg, Borrow or Steal  
Behind the Mike  
Beloved Brat  
Blondes at Work  
Blossoms on Broadway  
Boots and Saddles  
Border Wolves  
Bos of Lonely Valley  
Bringing Up Baby  
Broadway Melody of 1933  
Boy of the Streets  
Born of the West  
Borrowing Trouble  
Breakfast for Two  
Bride for Henry, A  
Brothers of the West  
Buccaneer, The  
Buildup Drummond Comes Back  
Buildup Drummond's Peril  
Buildup Drummond's Revenge  
Call, The Cameraman  
Cavalry of Bar 20  
Cattle Raiders  
Change of Heart  
Charlie Chan on Broadway  
Checkers  
Code of the Ranger  
Courage of the West  
Crashing Hollywood  
Crime of Dr. Hallet, The  
Damsel in Distress  
Danger Patrol  
Danger Valley  
Daredevil Driven, The  
Dawn Over Ireland  
Devil's Saddle Legion, The  
Dinner at the Ritz  
Escape by Night  
Everybody Sings  
Everybody's Doing It  
Fend Maker, The  
First Lady  
Fit for a King  
Flash Casey, Candid  
Forbidden Valley  
45 Fathers  
Frontier Town  
Galloping Dynamite  
Glamorous Night  
Good-bye Broadway  
Gold Is Where You Find It  
Goldwyn Follies  
Girl of the Golden West

Great Garrick, The  
Hasten on the Prairie  
Hawaii Calls  
Hawthorne Buckaroo  
Headin' East  
Heart of Arizona  
He Couldn't Say No  
Held!  
Her Jungle Love  
Heroes of the Alamo  
Hitting a New High  
Hold 'Em Navy  
Hollywood Roust-Up  
Hot Water  
I'll Take Romance  
Is Old Chicago  
International Settlement  
It Happened in Hollywood  
Judge Haldy's Children  
Kathleen  
Kid Comes Back, The  
Lancer Spy  
Land of Fighting Men  
Lost Ranch  
Life Begins in College  
Life Begins With Love  
Little Miss Roughneck  
Look Out, Mr. Moto  
Love Wolf in Paris  
Love and Hisses  
Love Is a Headache  
Love Is On the Air  
Love on a Budget  
Love on Toast  
Luck of Roaring Camp  
Mad About Music  
Maid's Night Out  
Making the Headlines  
Mama Run! Wild  
Manhattan Merry-Go-Round  
Merrily We Live  
Million Dollar Racket  
Monastery  
Mr. Boggs Steps Out  
Murder on Diamond Row  
Music for Madame  
My Dear Miss Aldrich  
Mystery Range  
Navy, Blue and Gold  
No Time to Marry  
Non Stop New York  
Of Human Hearts  
Old Barn Dance, The  
Old Wyoming Trail  
100 Men and a Girl  
Orphan of the Pecos  
Outlaws of the Prairie  
Over the Goal  
Over the Wall  
Outside of Paradise  
Painted Trail  
Paroled To Die  
Partners of the Plains  
Patent in Boon 18  
Penny and His Twin Brothers  
Penny's Double Trouble  
Perfect Specimen, The  
Prairie Thunder  
Quick Money  
Radio City Revels  
Rawhide  
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

Raw Timber  
Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel, The  
Reverend Guss  
Roll Along Cowboy  
Rolling Caravans  
Romance of the Rockies  
Rosalie  
Rose of the Rio Grande  
Rough Riding Rhythm  
Salebrado  
Sally, Irene and Mary  
Saturday's Heroes  
Scandal Street  
Sergeant Murphy  
Shadow, The  
Sh! The Octopus  
She Asked For It  
She's Got Everything  
She Loved a Fireman  
Singing Outlaw, The  
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs  
Something to Slog About  
Springtime in the Rockies  
Stand In  
Stars Over Arizona  
Start Cheering  
State Police  
Stolen Heaven  
Squadron of Honor  
Submarine D-1  
Sudden Bill Dorn  
Swing It, Professor  
Tarzan's Revenge  
Test Pilot  
Tex Rides With the Boy Scouts  
Texas Trail  
Thanks for Listening  
Thank You, Mr. Moto  
That's My Story  
There Goes the Green  
This Marriage Business  
This Way, Please  
Thoroughbreds Don't Cry  
Thrill of a Lifetime  
Thunder Trail  
To the Victor  
Tovarich  
Trapped by G-Man  
Tiger Trip  
Trip to Paris, A  
Under Suspicion  
Valley of Terror  
Wallaby Jim of the Island  
Way Out West  
Wells Fargo  
West of Rainbow's End  
West of Shanghai  
Western Gold  
Wide Open Paces  
When G-Man Stop In  
Where the West Begins  
Where Truth Dwells  
Who Killed Gail Preston?  
Wise Girl  
Wrong Road  
Yank at Oxford, A  
Young Dynamite  
You're a Sweetheart  
You're Only Young Once  
Youth on Parade